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FRANCE AND THE EMPERORS.

IF M. GAMBETTA has not achieved any great domestic success by his recent speeches, he has at least won a distinction precious above all others in the eyes of a Frenchman. The great monarchs of Europe have condescended to be afraid of him, and have intimated to the French Government that they cannot go on loving France with that remarkable affection which they have recently bestowed on her unless the dangerous GAMBETTA is put down. Russia has come forward as the spokesman of the rest, but Austria and Germany have intimated their assent. The three EMPERORS lately met at Berlin and decided that peace was to prevail in Europe; but if peace is to prevail, it must not be threatened from any quarter, and France especially must lie down and keep quiet. France with a PRESIDENT playing off one party against another, France borrowing huge sums of money and subjecting itself to new and burdensome taxes, France filling excursion trains to look at miracles, is a pleasant sort of country to contemplate, and not much more dangerous to peace than Sweden or Portugal. But France with a *fou furieux* going about attending banquets and making speeches not totally destitute of political thought is alarming. There may be no real danger in it. The speeches of GAMBETTA do not delay for an instant the expenditure of the money wrung from France on the new fortifications of Metz and Strasburg, or the compulsory conversion of Alsatians into Germans. But they ruffle the smoothness of things. They are like the sound of a distant barrel-organ to a great man who has determined to take a nap. They remind people in an annoying sort of way that France is not quite dead. Complaints from Germany on such a score might not be quite acceptable; but Russia is well known to be always ready with good advice to France, and to take the kindest interest in her affairs. It was in this spirit that the Holy Alliance, with Russia as its presiding genius, watched over the Government of the Restoration; and it was Russia that kept LOUIS PHILIPPE in order, and developed the Conservative tendencies of the hero of the Revolution of July. France has never got any special advantage out of her Russian friendship, and M. THIERS was received with as much empty civility at St. Petersburg as at any other capital when he went to ask for aid to France in the extremity of her need. But directly there is a weak Government in France which strives to show that it is respectable and desirous of the good-will of foreign Powers, Russia is always ready to tell it what it is proper for France to do or not to do, and to suggest that something very awful will happen unless everything that Russia disapproves of is avoided. The Empire has many sins to answer for, but at any rate those Frenchmen who now blush to think that a member of their National Assembly may not speak in a French town without Russia intimating displeasure can scarcely fail to recollect that at any rate the EMPEROR stopped that sort of thing for a time, and that the lectures on French good behaviour delivered so persistently by the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance to the Governments of CHARLES X. and LOUIS PHILIPPE, and now of M. THIERS, were unknown for a few years at the Tuileries.

The speeches of M. GAMBETTA may or may not have been prudent in the mouth of a French politician at the present crisis. It might have been wise for a man who has such a good future before him to keep silence; or, on the other hand, it may have been wise in him to rescue the country from utter stagnation of thought. That is a matter of purely French internal politics. But to English readers what he actually said seems in itself exceedingly harmless. The things that appear so dangerous to the Russian diplomatist are the ordinary platitudes of English after-dinner political talk.

He encouraged his party to hold its own firmly, and to act with the vigour with which parties ordinarily act in countries where there is political freedom; but the objects at which he bade his party aim were objects which it is the comfort of Englishmen that their Constitution secures to them. Why should Russia object to a Frenchman saying at Grenoble what it would never dream of objecting to an Englishman saying at Bradford or Leeds? It might have been supposed that this would be the first thought that would occur to most Frenchmen, and that the French press, which is always singing the praises of France as the head of civilization and the glory of the universe, would have burst into a chorus of indignation at the impertinent interference of a foreign Power in the domestic concerns of France. On the contrary, the French press seems to have been very well pleased that Russia should have helped the trembling friends of order, and have assisted in snubbing the dangerous GAMBETTA. This can only be accounted for by the panic with which France has been stricken. The French live in deadly fear of the Commune, which has been only half killed, and of the Germans, who have beaten them till they shiver at the shadow of a rod. They get up and go to bed again, feeling as if they were always living on the top of a powder-magazine which any accident might explode. They will never breathe freely again until the indemnity is paid, and they once more get their country to themselves. M. THIERS touched exactly the right chord when he noticed M. GAMBETTA's speeches as chiefly objectionable because they might interfere with the speedy payment of the indemnity. If there seems a prospect of civil dissension in France, the funds fall, and money becomes tight, and people begin to be uneasy as to how they are to pay up the instalments of the loan. So vast a financial operation as that in which France is engaged naturally makes men timid, and the legion of speculators whom this operation has called into activity are only too glad of any support to prices, even though it takes a form so ignominious to France as that of a lecture from Russia on the internal politics of the country. France is bound over to keep the peace till the indemnity is paid, and until that is done the present highly artificial state of tranquillity may be made to last. But everything tends to show that there will be a totally different state of things when France is rid of its conquerors. A reaction from the present state of abject terror and acquiescence in humiliation will make itself felt; and although it is not very likely that the views of M. GAMBETTA will be acceptable to the majority of his countrymen, for whom they are too serious and highly pitched, yet, if anything could gain acceptance for them, it would be the knowledge that Frenchmen are forbidden to entertain them under pain of the displeasure of the Czar.

But it is not to be supposed that the EMPERORS have interfered without having in their opinion some serious ground for interference. They too are afraid, or they would not trouble themselves about M. GAMBETTA. They would probably not break their hearts even if there were a civil war in France. The excursionists to Lourdes have been engaged in singing hymns far more provocative of civil war than any speech made by M. GAMBETTA. If Russia was merely anxious that France should have repose, it would be horrified to hear that crowds of Breton peasants have been touring about with cries of "Vive le Roi!" Or, if it were European peace that was supposed to be in danger, the excitement caused by the final separation of Alsace and Lorraine, and the enthusiastic reception of patriotic immigrants, might cause anxiety. M. ABOUT, of "all men in the world, writing up the Jesuits simply because they are the enemies and victims of Prince BISMARCK, might reasonably be a mark of greater indignation than M. GAMBETTA, who merely asks that Republicans under a Republic should have as much liberty

as the subjects of a neighbouring constitutional monarchy enjoy. But the EMPERORS are not at all afraid lest France should become dangerous under a Legitimist Monarchy, or that M. ABOUT and the Jesuits should reconquer Metz. There is an unreality about Legitimacy and Jesuitism, and the sudden conversion of epigrammatic writers, which is comforting to the souls of Emperors. But they are afraid of M. GAMBETTA because there is no telling how many people in and out of France who more or less direct the course of events may not secretly or openly agree with him. Probably those to whom the interference of the EMPERORS seems natural would say that what they fear is not M. GAMBETTA and his opinions so far as he chooses to announce them now, but the Red Republic which such men as he encourage, and into whose arms they are destined to fall unless their career is stopped at its outset. If this is what the EMPERORS mean, they must take a most gloomy view of the future of Europe. If after all the atrocities of the Commune, and the vengeance so slowly, and yet so sternly, wreaked on the guilty, the Red Republic is still so dangerous that the expression in France of what we should call constitutional opinions must be buried, lest other capitals than Paris should be set on fire, the good sense and courage of the leading Continental nations must be extinct. It may be true that the EMPERORS assume that, for the sake of Europe, France must be kept satisfied with the little game of parties at Versailles, and with the songs of pious excursionists, while it is carefully debarred from every approach to serious political discussion; but, if so, the assumption is certainly as humiliating to Europe as it is to France.

LORD DERBY ON THE LAND QUESTION.

IT is fortunate that a consistent exponent of the doctrines of common sense has an inherited and acquired position which always ensures him a hearing. Lord DERBY's eminent, but dissimilar, predecessor confessed that he was born in the pre-scientific era. The present bearer of the title was born in the pre-sentimental era, and he wisely adheres to the creed of his generation. Thirty years ago it would have seemed strange to intelligent politicians that wages, rent, and profits should be supposed to be capable of depending on the impulses of enthusiasm and benevolence. As Lord DERBY observes, sensible men and generous men seldom insist on their extreme legal rights; but in the days of political economy it was never doubted that the rights of property were more constantly operative than its duties. It even seemed to curious inquirers that a social order founded on the assumption that self-interest was a predominant motive was incomparably more stable and more convenient than any Utopia which might be regulated by a fitful philanthropy. Lord DERBY, though he would not deprecate voluntary efforts to correct the more grievous anomalies of fortune, habitually distinguishes between charity and business. The blessing of receiving, though it may be of an inferior order, is more steadily and practically appreciated than the blessing of giving. If any wealthy believer in co-operative agriculture is inclined, to provide funds for the experiment, he will confer on society the benefit either of economic success or at worst of useful instruction; but it is not worth while to speculate on the consequences of an enterprise which would in every case involve serious personal risk. The large class of social reformers who cultivate an unprovoked animosity against landowners are deeply moved with pity for the depressed condition of agricultural labourers. On the other side, the organization of Trade Unions among farm-labourers has not unnaturally alarmed their employers. Lord DERBY, instead of giving way to emotions either of philanthropy or of fright, compares the returns of emigration with the statistics of increase of population, and arrives at the conclusion that there is no present reason for apprehending a permanent scarcity of labour. Colonel WILSON PATTEN on the same occasion complained that he was in want of twenty labourers, and that he had not been able to procure one. Instead of attributing the inconvenience to vicious legislation, Colonel PATTEN made the obvious remark that in Lancashire, where wages are high, the demand for labour exceeded the supply, while the excess of supply over demand sufficiently accounted for the low wages of Dorsetshire. If labour becomes generally scarcer, one result will be the more universal adoption, as in America, of mechanical contrivances. The explanation of natural and uniform laws is perhaps not favourable to oratorical display; but it has a tendency to satisfy the understanding. "There is," as Lord DERBY said, "so much

"claptrap, so much moral cowardice, so much dislike in the present day of hazarding on any subject an opinion that may not find general favour, that you will see every day honest and cultivated men accept in theory and publicly announce ideas in which they have not the slightest real faith, and which they would be very sorry to apply to any matter in which their own interests were concerned."

There is nothing to prevent any body of persons who can provide the necessary capital from farming on the co-operative system. Few landlords indeed might be disposed to run the risk of letting their land to associations; but if the scheme is likely to succeed, those who believe in its soundness may easily purchase land for the purpose. Of the merits of various proposals for giving workmen a share in the profits of the farm Lord DERBY is perhaps unduly incredulous. The crudest and least practical of all the plans which have been suggested is that which has been adopted by the SPEAKER on his own estate in Sussex. A participation in the net profits of the farm which is necessarily unaccompanied by a liability to share in losses is merely an act of arbitrary generosity which can only be practised by a man of fortune. His neighbours cannot be expected to follow his example; and if they resemble farmers in other parts of the country, they will feel little gratitude to a competitor in the market for labour who voluntarily outbids them. If it were possible that the system should become general, the labourers would always suspect that they were defrauded by their employers when it happened that no share of profit was forthcoming. A SPEAKER may by himself or his steward enjoy the pleasure of keeping accurate accounts; but it is notorious that the ordinary farmer, as he works by rule of thumb, also lives from hand to mouth. If he has a larger stock on his farm or a better balance in his pocket at the year's end, he is glad to find himself richer; but as a general rule he neither knows exactly the amount of his capital nor the percentage of profit. Another objection to the division of a fraction of the profits is the probable insignificance of the amount. It may be roughly estimated that profits equal the outlay on labour; and a shilling or sixpence in the pound, distributed only in favourable years, would perhaps be received with disappointment and dissatisfaction. If the losses of bad years were recouped before a division of profits, the benefit would be still more inconsiderable. The gravest defect, however, of the plan is that it is gratuitous and wholly one-sided. Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON's proposal of special additions to wages seems to be more feasible, and Lord DERBY is perhaps excessively sceptical when he professes his inability to understand why a ploughman's or carter's earnings should depend on the state of the crops and markets. It might, if it were deemed expedient, be assumed that the excess of a wheat crop over a certain number of bushels to the acre was in some degree owing to the skill and industry of the labourer; and an increase of wages on an arable farm, when wheat exceeded a certain price, would relieve the consumer at the time when the producer of corn was best able to bear the expense. The strongest argument in favour of the plan is that it has been tried in many districts in the case of shepherds, in the form of a payment for every lamb which is reared. It may be readily admitted that farmers alone are capable of judging whether it is for their interest to try any similar experiment.

The same benevolent theorists who occupy themselves in making mischief between farmers and labourers are not less ready to interfere with the contracts of landlord and tenant. Even the town-bred mobs of Clerkenwell and Trafalgar Square have learned to clamour for leases and for the abolition of Game-laws, in consequence of a vague belief that both measures would be unpalatable or injurious to the owners of land. Lord DERBY, after his usual fashion, carefully distinguishes between the moral duty of landlords and the proper limits of legislative interference. As far as he is concerned, he sees no objection to leases when they are desired; but he contends that a leaseholder at the expiration of his term has no special claim for the renewal of his holding. In the greater number of large hereditary estates in England the tenants practically enjoy approximate fixity of tenure under the form of yearly holdings. According to the Scotch custom, long leases at the highest attainable rent are purely commercial contracts. In Lord DERBY's experience no desire for greater security of tenure has been expressed by any occupier. The farmers in Lancashire probably understand that an alteration of tenure would involve an increase of rent, and perhaps in the long run more frequent changes of tenancy. If, indeed, according to the precedent of the Irish Land Bill, a part of the property were arbitrarily transferred from the landlord to the tenant, the boon would, like any other wind-

fall, be readily accepted; but such an attempt could only be made by unprincipled adventurers for purely political objects; and Lord DERBY at Preston was principally engaged in the consideration of economic questions.

It is well known that Lord DERBY takes little personal interest in the Game-laws; and perhaps the opinion of a landowner who never shoots may possess comparatively little authority with his own class. In common with all the rest of the world, except the givers and frequenters of battues, Lord DERBY disapproves of the extravagant preservation of game, which tends to destroy the Game-laws, as it has already, where it prevails, put an end to sport. The majority of game preservers probably care more for the fashion than for shooting, though a few of them seem to have pheasants or rabbits on the brain. Within a few years the modern device of driving birds has reduced partridge-shooting and grouse-shooting to the level of pigeon-shooting, nor is it any longer necessary that a successful shot should be able to walk. The whole system of rapid shots and hot luncheons is in the highest degree repellent of sympathy; and yet it is necessary to protest with Lord DERBY against legislative interference with private caprice. If, as he observes, the game or the ground game is, in spite of the conditions of leases, to be the property of the tenant, it will follow that he may let the shooting to any stranger, though he is strictly prohibited from coming to an agreement with his landlord. It is probable that when the Lancashire Farmers' Club hereafter discusses subjects connected with agriculture, many of its members will differ from the opinions which were expressed in Lord DERBY's opening address. His conclusions are not original, except as far as they may in some instances conflict with modern prejudices; but they have value as results of habitual reference to fixed principles of economic law. It may perhaps be possible to found social relations on some untried basis of equal enjoyment of material advantages, which must be enforced by a central despotism. In Europe, and especially in England, property has hitherto implied the right of every owner to do what he will with his own; and Lord DERBY retains a steady faith in the expediency of the economic laws which follow from the institution of property. The muddle-headed semi-socialism of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON would inevitably collapse as soon as its necessary consequences were clearly understood. More consistent and daring innovations must be dealt with in a different manner; or rather the controversy, when it arises, will be settled, not by reason, but by force. For the present wages will continue to be influenced by demand and supply; and rents and profits will be regulated by causes alien from popular enthusiasm. Parliament may, at its discretion, prohibit the preservation of game; but statesmen will hesitate long before they undertake to regulate pastime by law.

M. THIERS AND M. GAMBETTA.

THE French Government does not enjoy that annual release from criticism which the Parliamentary recess affords to our own. The Permanent Committee of the Assembly weekly reminds M. THIERS and his Ministers that they are fallible, while it tempers the sting by proving at every sitting that their critics are as fallible as themselves. On Thursday there seems to have been more accord than usual between the members of the Committee and the Ministers. M. THIERS had allowed it to be understood that M. GAMBETTA would for the time be thrown overboard, and the only point remaining uncertain was the particular part of the speech at Grenoble which would be picked out for authoritative condemnation. It deserves notice that M. THIERS seems to have said nothing against the practical counsel given by M. GAMBETTA. Nothing has excited so much anger in the Conservative party as the alleged excommunication of candidates who are not Republicans of M. GAMBETTA's own type. It would have been easy for M. THIERS to protest against this doctrine in itself, without committing himself to the assertion that it is really contained in M. GAMBETTA's speech. But M. THIERS did not even go this length. He kept away from the subject altogether, and the natural inference is that he did not want to weaken the effect of M. GAMBETTA's advice. Stripped of certain oratorical trappings it is very sound advice, and M. THIERS is probably as anxious as any one that it should be followed by the electors. For the present, at all events, his real adversaries in the Chamber are to be found among the Right, and a new set of deputies composed of nominal Republicans and real Monarchists would be as impracticable and as reactionary as the existing Assembly. It is far from improbable that at the next general election there

will be scarcely any candidates who do not profess allegiance to the Republic of M. THIERS. In that case some sort of winnowing test will be wanted, and where can this test be more naturally looked for than in the antecedents of the candidates? M. THIERS has no doubt satisfied himself that M. GAMBETTA's sentence is not meant to apply to any honest Republican, and he therefore leaves it to have what effect it may in the country.

After passing over the practical side of M. GAMBETTA's speech, it was more than ever necessary to speak strongly about its theoretical side. Though M. THIERS is quite willing to see the present Chamber replaced by one of a wholly different complexion, he can say any number of civil things about the Assembly so long as it is still with him. He himself has had the misfortune not always to agree with it, but he has always respected it, and he will do all in his power to make it respected. As M. THIERS did not define what he understood by the word "respect," it is impossible to contest this assertion. Otherwise it would not be difficult to recall occasions on which his contempt for his sovereigns has been little less pronounced than M. GAMBETTA's. It is clear at all events that his idea of respect does not include deference to the Assembly's unassisted judgment or real wishes, for he went on to say that nothing but a Republic is possible at the present moment. Nor does it include any high opinion of the intellectual power of the majority, or M. THIERS would not have condescended to the platitude that Frenchmen do not love one another sufficiently. Nor does it include a belief that the majority have any real appreciation of the state of the country, because the one statement in M. GAMBETTA's speech which M. THIERS thought proper to condemn in detail was a statement that is indisputably true. No one, he said, has a right to assert that France is divided into castes. Such a distinction has no warrant in facts, and it is culpable to breathe a suspicion of it. M. THIERS perhaps felt that in the Permanent Committee he was safe so long as he was speaking in an opposite sense to M. GAMBETTA; but, considering that he knew his words would be reported, it is surprising that he should have permitted himself to approach so nearly to a denial of an obvious fact. It is possible of course that he may use "caste" in a more literal sense than is commonly given to it in Europe, and that he only meant to maintain that the divisions of Frenchmen are not identical with those which separate various sections of Hindoos. But if the word is to be taken in any other than the strictly literal sense, the assertion that Frenchmen are divided into castes is absolutely true. What is the distinction that has hitherto existed between the towns and the peasantry but a caste division? What is the distinction between the *bourgeoisie* and the working classes but a caste division? What is it but the existence of these divisions that makes the establishment of a settled form of government a work of such difficulty? If each solution of the constitutional problem had not been exclusively associated with some one section of the French people, it would have been easy enough to find a common platform. It is the fact that the differences between Legitimists, Imperialists, Orleanists, and Republicans coincide roughly with the differences between the great proprietors, the peasantry, the shopkeepers, and the workmen, that makes them so hard to deal with.

M. GAMBETTA has been endeavouring, apparently with some success, to lessen the hostility of which he has lately been the object. To our minds he shows himself very much less of a statesman when he is mild than when he is violent. His speech at Grenoble aimed at recommending a certain course of conduct to the electors. His language in doing this was not sufficiently guarded, but there seems no reason to suspect that his meaning was misunderstood, except by those who were sure to misinterpret anything that might be said by the leader of the Republican Opposition. His speech at Annecy is open to a graver charge. From first to last it is a tribute to national vanity, rendered at a time when national vanity is the very last quality that Frenchmen ought to cherish. When M. GAMBETTA declares that France is so completely disinterested, so devoted to the worship of justice, that its history is made up of sacrifices for the advantage of others, it reads more like irony than sober assertion. It would be interesting to know whom M. GAMBETTA regards as the special incarnation of this generous self-devotion. Is it LOUIS XIV. or NAPOLEON I.? These two men have made such large contributions to the modern history of France that one would certainly expect to find the special tendencies of the nation represented in an eminent degree in their several policies. The truth probably is that M. GAMBETTA rejects all history before 1789 and after 1799. Ten years afford, however, but very narrow data for inferences as to national character. Even if the

First Republic were all that M. GAMBETTA imagines it to be, it was preceded and followed by so much which he disapproves that common prudence might have suggested the propriety of considering why it is that a nation that has played so large a part in European history should have played that part aright for only ten years out of a thousand. That French Republicans should draw any profitable moral from the history of the Revolution seems to be past hope, but it would mark a real advance in political wisdom if they would cease to draw any moral whatever from it. The best thing that could happen to them, of course, would be to see the acts of the First Republic in those mixed colours of heroism, childishness, and cruelty which really belong to them. The next best thing would be for the First Republic to pass out of their recollection. Unfortunately both these blessings seem to be for ever denied to them. They cannot forget, and they cannot criticize. All they can do is to heap together inconsiderate praises at the risk of being supposed to hold up the bad points of the First Republic as objects of equal admiration with the good points. There is no danger that M. GAMBETTA will ever restore the Reign of Terror, or that, if the Reign of Terror had happened in any other country than France, or in France under any other Government, he would not condemn it with unreserved heartiness. But it did happen in France, and it happened while France was a Republic; and when these two facts are found in conjunction, they seem to deprive M. GAMBETTA of the power of discriminating between right and wrong or between wisdom and folly. If it were a remote incident in French history that was thus singled out, it might matter less. The real facts would probably have been forgotten, and the popular devotion might by degrees have come to be directed to an imaginary exhibition of political virtue. But the errors of the First Republic are still fresh in the memory of large classes of Frenchmen, and when it is held up for worship, the preacher is at once supposed to be only waiting his opportunity to reproduce its worst excesses. It is to be hoped that M. GAMBETTA will for the future confine himself to contemporary politics.

MR. BUTT ON HOME RULE.

MR. BUTT'S recent speech at Limerick, if it were regarded as an argument in favour of Home Rule, would prove only the weakness of the case for the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; but demagogues who address not the reason, but the prejudices, of popular assemblages defy confutation. It was evident that Mr. BUTT'S statements were agreeable to his audience; and it was no part of his business to convince dispassionate politicians. Like all his predecessors in Irish agitation, he relied in the last resort on a menace of rebellion. "The question might be asked, What if England refused; what would he do? His answer was, he did not know. He could not believe the whole Constitution should be so slighted that there should be a refusal; but, if there should be a refusal, he would take counsel with true and earnest men." Mr. BUTT'S intentions, in the certain contingency of refusal, are probably in the highest degree pacific and harmless; but the meaning intended to be conveyed by his rhetorical hints and euphemisms was that he would declare war, and that at the very least he would concert a treasonable plot with his "true and earnest men." He will do nothing of the kind; and in the meantime he will not frighten the English nation into a ruinous concession. It will even be doubted whether he is himself more thoroughly in earnest than the colleagues against whose insincerity he warns Irish constituencies. According to Mr. BUTT'S not improbable statement, the supporters of Home Rule are in the habit of telling the Government Whip that, although they will be compelled to vote against him once in the Session, they may rely on their services on all other occasions. "When the member was in quest of a seat, a patriot grand was he; but when a member was returned, the devil a patriot was he." What in these painful circumstances is an Irish voter to do? His candidate is a traitor; perhaps the orator who warns him against the candidate is a traitor; and at last, in confusion and despair, he will almost begin to suspect that he is a traitor himself. Mr. BUTT takes pains to assure the most ignorant portion of the rabble that it is a gross delusion to suppose that "when representatives went to Parliament they became something wiser and better than the people." On this there were significant "Cries of 'GAVIN,' and groans." So that it must be supposed that Mr. BUTT'S colleague in the representation of Limerick has fallen into the heresy of supposing that he has been elected for his character or his intelli-

gence. It has long since been remarked that no sycophancy is so gross as the adulation which is offered to a mob. To assure a rabble in the same breath that its suffrage is the only test of fitness to govern, and that its representatives possess no kind of distinction or merit, is a paradox which implies a just contempt for the capacity of the flattered despot. Home Rule must be an admirable system of government if it is to be administered on the principles which are illustrated at Limerick. With the same exemplary contempt for the ability of his hearers to pursue a consecutive train of thought for five minutes together, Mr. BUTT informed them that the establishment of Home Rule was imminent, and that justice would never be done to Ireland until a system of triennial Parliaments was established.

The grievances which are to be redressed by the institution of an Irish Parliament appear not to be of the most urgent description. Two or three soldiers who have been guilty of the worst form of mutiny, and some criminals who were accessory to a murder in the heart of England, are still in prison; and Mr. BUTT humorously contrasts the indulgence accorded to "LUVY and others who planned the movement for years, and through whose instrumentality these soldiers were led into it," with the "lifelong servitude of their insignificant followers." Many Englishmen will be inclined to agree in the doctrine that treason has been too readily condoned; but it is hardly the cue of Home Rulers to taunt the English Government with its excessive leniency. Again, "Ireland has no liberty of the press," because the most inflammatory and seditious journalists in the world have compelled the enactment of a law of restraint which is never enforced except in the case of the most scandalous excesses. That invitations to civil war should be published with impunity is much more intolerable than that the mildest of Governments should in extreme cases intervene for the protection of society. Then there are the fisheries, which once provoked even Mr. GLADSTONE to an expression of sarcasm, and which were characteristically ridiculed at Glasgow by Mr. LOWE. It would have been much better to have said nothing about Irish priests and fishermen; but Mr. LOWE has never yet learned that it is not the duty of a statesman gratuitously to propound unpopular truths. The orator who says all that he thinks sometimes does almost as much mischief as the agitator who believes nothing of what he says. Of course Mr. BUTT "cannot forget that when Ireland had Home Rule her fisheries were prosperous," and he is not likely to inquire how far the great increase of agricultural profits and wages on one hand, and on the other the want of enterprise, may have affected the Irish fisheries. The nomination of Sheriffs by the Crown can hardly be regarded as an exceptional Irish grievance. England has contrived to endure a similar hardship with tolerable equanimity for many centuries; but it has probably never occurred to the people of Limerick to inquire how England was governed.

A better point was made in a quotation of some injudicious phrases of Lord HARTINGTON with reference to Irish railways. In his desire to make things pleasant the IRISH SECRETARY unnecessarily admitted that Parliament had not paid sufficient attention to the railway demands of Ireland. The Government immediately afterwards put up Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE to disavow the hasty pledges of his colleague; but the confession, though it was in the highest degree injudicious, was naturally recorded. If Lord HARTINGTON were really disposed and empowered to purchase the Irish railways, it might be supposed that he had furnished an argument rather for the Union than for Repeal. It is quite certain that if there were a Parliament sitting in Dublin, the Imperial Government would not listen to a proposal for the purchase of Irish railways; and perhaps the Irish people might not be impatient to tax themselves for the purpose. Mr. LOWE has apparently no intention of employing public money in a doubtful speculation for the purpose of putting Irish members in a better humour. If it was any satisfaction to Mr. BUTT to convict Lord HARTINGTON of momentary imprudence, he was entitled to refer to his speech; but Lord HARTINGTON can scarcely have said "that the little time given to Irish affairs justified the demand for Home Rule, and furnished a strong argument for it." It must be confessed that two or three Englishmen have, in public or in private, talked nonsense about Irish legislation. It seems that Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, having conformed to the Roman Catholic Church, has, like Sir G. BOWYER, also become a convert to the only scheme which holds out a hope of the establishment of an Ultramontane Government in Europe. That "distinguished English nobleman" has assured Mr. BUTT that he had himself once proposed to Mr. DISRAELI a Bill for the institution of Home

Rule in Ireland; but it is to be regretted that the Conservative leader seems to have taken no notice of the suggestion, and that, according to Mr. BUTT, the distinguished nobleman is in danger of losing his seat. A more considerable personage than Lord ROBERT MONTAGU has, as Mr. BUTT naturally reminded his audience, lately proposed to establish not one, but four, little Parliaments in Ireland. Lord RUSSELL's letter to the *Times* provoked only a smile in England; but for the purposes of Home Rule he has once more assumed the rank of a "veteran statesman." When Lord RUSSELL was responsible for the government of the country, he knew better than to amuse himself with idle projects for creating a Heptarchy. In addition to Lord ROBERT MONTAGU and Lord RUSSELL, Mr. BUTT has discovered an English member of the House of Commons, who is also "a statesman," who told him that if he confined himself to the demand of Home Rule he would certainly succeed. The anonymous and statesmanlike member may perhaps have intended to imply a well-founded belief that the agitation for Home Rule was directed to wider objects. If he sympathizes with the plan, he has prudently kept his opinion to himself, except in his confidential communication to Mr. BUTT. It is to be regretted that politicians should be shallow in thought and incontinent in speech, but the most obvious inference from Mr. BUTT's meagre enumeration of authorities is that all classes of the community in England are unanimously determined to maintain the integrity of the Empire. Neither Lord HARTINGTON nor Lord RUSSELL will support the repeal of the Union, and the unknown statesman is probably convinced that repeal means separation. If any party or any considerable politician had been converted to Mr. BUTT's opinions, it would not have been worth while to notice the new-born zeal of Lord ROBERT MONTAGU. It is not improbable that the agitation may become troublesome; but no English statesman will at any time dare to concede separation under the shallow pretext of federal union. The not inconsiderable difficulty of governing Ireland would become an impossibility if, instead of clubs and mob meetings, Irish disaffection were represented by a legally constituted Assembly possessed of indefinite and elastic powers. All the upper classes, all the Protestants, and generally all those who were attached to good government, would support the Imperial Government and Parliament against the local Legislature; and the English nation, not excepting Lord RUSSELL and Mr. BUTT's statesman, would be at the back of the party of order. The priests have not yet made up their minds whether it is safe to adopt a cause which is also advocated by Fenians and by Red Republicans, who on the whole detest the Roman Catholic Church more cordially than they abhor the English Government. The whole controversy turns, not on a balance of means, but on a calculation of forces. It is but justice to Mr. BUTT to allow that he could probably have made a more plausible case for Repeal if it had been his object to convince a reasoning assemblage.

THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

THE Report of the Committee of Investigation discloses the full history of the Metropolitan Railway. A long and patient inquiry has established with accuracy and completeness the facts which show the shareholders the mode and extent of mismanagement which has led them into disaster. It is the old story of eternal muddle, no one knowing what was happening, or who did anything, or what ought to be done. The concern lived on from day to day, supported simply by its own bigness, and no one caring to know how it paid dividends so long as it paid them. The management presented in some ways, it must be confessed, exceptional difficulties; for the purchases of land were naturally, in a line running exclusively through London, much more numerous and complicated than in a line merely leading out of London; and the Company was from its infancy hampered with projected extensions and a grand scheme of circular communication which it had no power to carry out. Still there was nothing in the circumstances of the line to account for or to excuse the serious blunders and long-continued neglect of which its administrators have been guilty. On all sides there is the same story. The work that ought to have been done was not done or was half done, and those who ought to have seen that it was done chose to take for granted that it was done somehow. The solicitors had of course a tremendous bill against the Company, over three millions sterling having been paid through them for land purchases and compensation; but so little attention had been given to this branch of the accounts of the Company that the solicitors' accounts have

never been examined or agreed to since the railway commenced. When the solicitors wanted money, they got it if the Company was in funds, and passed it to their general account; and even if a special sum was paid on a definite head, there was an understanding that they were to apply it to that head or not as they thought best for the Company. One large sum of over sixty thousand pounds was paid to them, but did not appear to their debit in the Company's books, and this the Secretary explained was due to a "simple error in book-keeping." This was perfectly in accordance with the whole system of management. There was no dishonesty except on the part of a storekeeper; there was a sort of attention to daily duties; the Chairman did work after a fashion, but nothing was done really and effectually. The books were kept, but they were kept in a manner which made the omission of sixty thousand pounds seem a "simple error." Perhaps the most astonishing instance of the confusion in which everything was involved is one connected with the purchase of land. The Company owns a great many houses which it purchased in the neighbourhood of the line when the railway was being made, and it receives rents, and has a rent-book to indicate what ought to be received; but so little did any of the officials of the Company know the history of its management, that in many instances it is only accidentally that houses have been discovered to belong to the Company. The state of a Company to which accident reveals that it has bought and owns large quantities of house property may be easily imagined. After this, minor details, such as that there was no efficient control over the sale of old materials, and that no regular stock of the stores was taken, are scarcely worth notice. When mismanagement has reached the top of a business, it is tolerably sure to have reached the bottom also.

Those who are acquainted with the history of English railways will know how ordinary and commonplace are all these types of mismanagement. The Directors and officials of the Metropolitan Railway have found themselves in the position in which the officials of numberless other lines have been, or perhaps are, and have behaved as it is only too natural that men in such a position should behave. Outsiders can have little notion how very defective is the system of organization in most railways in their early days. Theoretically, a number of investors, approving of a project, subscribe the necessary funds, and appoint the most competent of their number to guide the enterprise, and engage and pay for the services of eminent professional men. In real life it is generally the professional men, and often not very eminent professional men, who invent the enterprise. The first task is to find speculators who will risk the expenses of a Parliamentary contest. The Bill is got, and the contractors, the engineers, and the solicitors have to find investors who will pay the cost of the Act, and give them something to go on with. In order to do this directors have to be engaged, and directors are not to be had on the terms that they shall be able to understand railway business, and will give their time to the undertaking. It is enough if half-a-dozen men of fair position and character will undertake to meet occasionally and attend in a desultory and languid way to the recital of the performances of the solicitors and the Secretary. In affairs thus started the difficulties of the undertaking soon absorb the attention of those who are at the head of it, and all organization is lost sight of in the daily contest with those difficulties. Notices to the landowners must be given at once in order to exercise the Parliamentary powers within the prescribed time, and the ideas of the promoters continually expand as the thought of extension after extension is forced upon them, or seems sweet to them, and as the necessity of countermining the schemes of rivals becomes apparent. Disputes with landowners, claims for compensation, preparation for Parliamentary fights, the excitement of these fights themselves, and, above all, the incessant exigencies of financing, overwhelm those who are invested with real power, and soon give rise to such an entangled mass of complicated documents as effectually discourages any one who may think that, being a director, he should like to know something of the business he directs. How long such a state of things can go on is determined almost entirely by the size of the undertaking. If it is small, the breakdown comes with inevitable rapidity. If it is large, there is no change until some period of great disappointment arrives and investors grow anxious. Then comes an inquiry. There is, on the one hand, the record of past waste, mismanagement, and neglect. There is, on the other hand, a railway made in part or wholly, and there is a revenue. The liabilities and engagements of the undertaking can be appreciated within a tolerable approach to accuracy. A line is drawn between the

past and the future history of the Company, and a new order of things is established. Organization now becomes possible. The frightened shareholders are willing to do what they have never done before—to engage the services of a man who understands his business, and to pay him properly as the head of the concern. Stock is taken of stores, solicitors are asked to vouch their accounts, contracts are subjected to rigid supervision, "simple errors" are no longer tolerated in accounts, and the management of the railway for the first time becomes a reality.

The Metropolitan Railway is a gigantic concern in which a very large amount of capital has been honestly invested. It has had for many years a large current revenue, and it has commanded the services of many eminent men. Its history is therefore not altogether the history of small, starved, and weak lines. The shareholders thought that in the late Chairman they had got the man they wanted, and they were willing to pay him adequately. But substantially the vices that mark the conduct of railways generally in their infancy were vices that affected the management of the Metropolitan. The late Chairman swam with the stream; he did not attempt to control it. He owned that he had no notion of accounts, and therefore kept no check on the land purchases. He contented himself with the services of inefficient officials. He took upon himself to make what the Committee consider to have been a disastrous arrangement with a neighbouring Company. He even cheered the shareholders by declaring dividends not really earned, and by holding out confident expectations of a rapid increase in their profits. Of course he had colleagues; but they were what the colleagues of a Chairman usually are while a railway is in its initiatory stages. They bowed to him, they let him speak and act for them even when they thought him wrong. Shareholders seldom understand how very little directors of infant enterprises ordinarily know about the business they are supposed to be managing. They could not exercise any real control unless they gave themselves a vast amount of trouble, and they seldom give themselves any trouble at all, because, while the management is as yet unorganized, they feel that they must know everything in order to know anything. When adversity has at last forced on a total change in the management, and when the enterprise has reached a stage in which the preliminary difficulties have been overcome, the subordinate members of a Board can fulfil useful functions without much trouble to themselves. But in the early days of a railway there is no work cut out for them which they can do in an easy and creditable manner, and they therefore simply sit quietly by and hear what are the schemes and decisions of the Chairman and the higher officials. Henceforward the Directors of the Metropolitan will be in a different position. It will be comparatively easy to understand the general scheme of the affairs of the Company. Professional accountants will have cleared up many mysteries. Routine will prescribe what accounts ought to be rendered, what vouchers required, what precautions taken. The epoch of organization has arrived. The shareholders must not blame too harshly the conduct of those who have hitherto managed their business, except perhaps with regard to the declaration and calculation of profits which must have led many to purchase at a fictitious value. All has but been in accordance with the mode in which English railways are invented and floated and made, and, in their early days, managed. It is not pleasant for investors to realize that what has happened to others is happening to them, and that they too are to smart as the victims of a vicious system. But the Metropolitan shareholders may so far congratulate themselves that they now know that the preliminary stage of their enterprise is past, and that the opportunity is at last come of having their affairs placed on a satisfactory footing.

SPAIN.

IT is the custom in Spain to commence the business of a new Parliament with a discussion on the elections. In former times the Opposition has had ample opportunities of exposing the use of force, of fraud, or of official intimidation by the Government for the time being. It is said that a few months ago SAGASTA exercised the ordinary license of Ministerial interference, with the result of securing for his Government an overwhelming majority. ZORRILLA, on the other hand, has prided himself on obtaining a not less favourable result by the unbiassed votes of the constituencies; and it may be inferred from the course of the first debate of the Session that his pretensions are not unfounded. His assailants

confined themselves to general allegations which might be taken either in a literal or in a figurative sense; and although it was technically necessary that they should impugn particular elections, they made no attempt to support their formal charges by statement or by evidence. As some of them suggested, the result of the elections might have been less unsatisfactory if it could have been attributed to irregular practices. A healthy Constitution will survive the violation of many legal rules; but a free election which fails to produce a true representation of the community admits of no effectual remedy. Señor COLLANTES, a professed adherent of the fallen Monarchy, had the courage to attack the principle of universal suffrage, which has never yet proved itself a possible foundation of government in any European country. The people of the United States can afford to send obscure politicians to Congress, and to choose their President almost at random, because the powers which they delegate to their nominal rulers are in ordinary cases almost insignificant. In a country which, like Spain, must be governed by a Parliamentary Ministry, it is of the utmost consequence that all considerable parties should have a voice in legislation; yet it would seem that successive Ministers have little difficulty in excluding their principal adversaries from the Cortes. The chief managers of the Revolution, who were also the most conspicuous members of the Constituent Cortes, have voluntarily or by compulsion withdrawn from public life. It follows that the opinions or forces which they represented are now excluded from their due share of political influence, and the habitual disfranchisement of minorities is the worst characteristic of democratic Constitutions. As one of the Opposition speakers said, in Spanish idiom, "The Revolution is named TOPETE, SERRANO, AYALA; and AYALA, SERRANO, and TOPETE have no place in the Cortes." A Revolution of which the promoters are ostracized within four years seems not likely to be a permanent political settlement.

A redeeming element of Spanish politics is to be found in the high standard of Parliamentary eloquence. In no other Assembly are the debates at the same time more elevated and more practical than in the Spanish Cortes. If the present system becomes permanent, debates on first principles will gradually become irrelevant and obsolete; but the establishment of tentative institutions is facilitated by theoretical discussion. Señor ULLOA, who began the general debate on the elections, as a Conservative of the party of SAGASTA naturally attributed to the unjustifiable influence of the Ministry the elimination from the Cortes of the chief Conservative leaders. In a forensic inquiry it would have been necessary to adduce evidence of malpractices which were perhaps imaginary; but in Parliamentary rhetoric the enumeration of results is considered equivalent to the assignment of sufficient causes. The "hero of Alcolea," the "brave sailor who began the Revolution," the eminent orator who lately presided over the Ministry, ought undoubtedly to have found seats in the Cortes; and it may be added that, if they had been excluded from Parliament by undue official interference, Señor ULLOA would not have failed to expose the abuse of Ministerial power. The PRIME MINISTER, in replying to the attack, had no difficulty in explaining that SERRANO and TOPETE had not been candidates for election, and that SAGASTA was rejected by an independent constituency; yet he showed his own sense of the force of ULLOA's argument by declaring that he had himself endeavoured to procure the election of SERRANO as a member of the Senate. The deliberate secession of the leaders of the Liberal Union from public affairs has apparently produced its intended effect. The majority returned to support the present Ministry is inconveniently large; and the entire Assembly is too uniform in composition. It is, as ZORRILLA said, not a legitimate inference that, because SAGASTA and the rest were not returned, the elections have been illegally conducted; but it is nevertheless certain that the elections have not produced an adequate representation of public opinion and intelligence. If at the next general election in England Mr. GLADSTONE and his principal colleagues, or Mr. DISRAELI and the leaders of the Opposition, were defeated, all their respective opponents would, if they were wise, regret their victory. It may be true that the Spanish Conservatives have little claim to the designation which they assume, except that they are in general hostile to the increase of democratic power; but only two years ago their leaders were colleagues of the present Minister in the Cabinet which had carried through the Cortes the present Constitution. It may not be the fault of ZORRILLA that he has achieved a party triumph, but the unqualified success of one faction is a misfortune to the country.

The logical position of Señor COLLANTES, who continued the debate, was stronger than that of Señor ULLOA, because, as an adversary of the Revolution, he was entitled to expose the

deeper causes of the failure of the election. The framers of the Constitution are, as he truly said, defeated by the universal suffrage which they had themselves established. In answer to ZORRILLA's excuses, COLLANTES asked if it was necessary that the ex-Regent of the kingdom, the President of the former Cabinet, should present himself for election like an ordinary candidate. "The same has occurred to Señor SAGASTA, who in his day believed himself eternal, like other Ministers whom I have known who one day believed themselves eternal, and the next day disappeared from the political arena." COLLANTES was answered on the part of the Ministry by Señor MARTOS, who had no difficulty in proving that the Government which preceded the Revolution was open to abundant criticism. It was natural that a leading member of the Progressist party should boast of the liberty which has been so fully established that "it is no crime to be a Carlist, a Republican, an Alfonsist." It may perhaps be well that all parties should be able to avow their opinions without fear of legal consequences, but it is a grave misfortune for a country that politicians should be divided, not on legislative or administrative measures, but on questions of dynasties and of forms of government. In more settled political communities, whatever may be the state of the law, it is not permitted to any politician to profess with impunity his preference of a Republic to an existing Monarchy, or of a Monarchy to an existing Republic. According to Señor MARTOS, Republicans are at liberty to profess their doctrines in the Cortes. An English Speaker would peremptorily silence any member of the House of Commons who disputed the rights of the Crown. As CROMWELL said, when a similar question was raised in one of his Parliaments, "You are free, as long as you acknowledge the authority which called you here." If it is lawful to speak in favour of a Republic in the Cortes, it must also be possible to vote the abolition of the dynasty. It is not worth the while of King AMADEO to retain the throne at the pleasure of a Parliamentary majority, and he has little reason for gratitude to a Minister who boasts that revolution is an open question. When an official speaker asserts in florid phrase that the whole earth is "enveloped in an aurora of liberty," there seems to be some need of a Conservative party to form a regular Opposition. The aurora of democratic liberty has at many times and in many countries faded into a cloudy day; and it is not by inviting revolutionists and pretenders to speak their minds that the tottering institutions of Spain will be provided with the requisite permanence and stability.

In one department of the highest importance ZORRILLA's Cabinet inspires confidence. As Finance Minister Señor RUIZ GOMES has adopted the Estimates of his immediate predecessors, and he has renewed a proposal which was received with favour by the national creditors when he formerly held his present office. As a deficiency of revenue is inevitable, while there seems to be an insuperable difficulty in imposing new taxes, the Finance Minister undertakes to pay three-fifths of the interest on the debt in cash, and the remainder in bonds bearing five per cent. interest. According to his calculation the operation will have the effect of raising the Five per Cent. Stock in a short time to par, and if his hopes are realized the compromise would involve but little sacrifice on the part of the creditor. The full payment in cash is to be resumed after five years; and it is assumed that by that time the natural increase of the revenue will have covered the existing deficiency. If any Minister could confidently reckon on a period of five years without political disturbance or alarm, he could scarcely be too sanguine in his calculations. ZORRILLA and his colleagues would render inestimable service to their country by retaining power for a period extending beyond the average reign of seven or eight Administrations. In the meantime it seems to be admitted that Señor RUIZ GOMES has made a reasonable offer, though he has complicated his arrangements by an elaborate contract with the Bank of Paris and Belgium for the creation, amongst other provisions, of a Mortgage Bank in Madrid. A year has passed since Señor ANGULO, Finance Minister under Admiral MALCAMPO, frightened and offended bondholders and capitalists in general by his ill-advised project of a tax of eighteen per cent. on the interest of the foreign debt. Señor RUIZ GOMES is more honest and more enlightened than his predecessor; and perhaps Spanish statesmen have by this time learned the imprudence of damaging the national credit on which they have so often occasion to rely. Except for the absence from the Cortes of the leaders of the Opposition, Señor ZORRILLA commences his term of office under favourable auguries. He has the confidence of the KING and the support of the majority of the constituencies; and, notwithstanding the flourishes of Señor

MARTOS, the Government probably trusts to something more substantial than a circumambient aurora of liberty. If the Cabinet proves to be as shortlived as preceding Governments, the time must be hard at hand for a decisive struggle between the Monarchy, either under the House of SAVOY or under the BOURBONS, and the Republic which for the present bides its time.

EDUCATION AND POVERTY.

THE more steadily a School Board sets itself to the discharge of its duties, the more evident it becomes that the Education Act was but an introduction to educational troubles. There is something half humorous and half pathetic about Mr. REED's enumeration of what the London School Board have already done, coming as it did by way of preliminary to a confession that their real work is still to do. They have taken a census of families, they have prepared an educational map, they have obtained returns of school attendance, they have negotiated for school sites, they have entered into contracts for building, they have hired temporary school-rooms, they have even—and it is a point to be noted with satisfaction—increased the number of children attending school by more than sixteen thousand; but when all this has been allowed for, there remains the fact that something like thirty thousand children are still absent from school without any reasonable excuse. Even on the very liberal interpretation which the London School Board have affixed to the term, nothing but stringent compulsion will get these children to school; but when the application of this compulsion comes to be considered, several difficulties present themselves. First of all there must be schools for them to go to, and this at once raises the question who is to pay for their schooling. It being clear that their parents cannot pay, the law seems to contemplate its being done either by the School Board or by the Guardians of the Poor. The latter course is the one that commends itself to Mr. REED, and it has the additional merit of being approved by the Local Government Board. The objection to it is that, as the law stands, the Guardians cannot be compelled to pay school fees, and that in several London Unions they have declared their fixed intention not to pay them. The former course is objectionable as saddling the ratepayers with the cost of a double process of investigation, while depriving them of the guarantee against imposition afforded by the agency of the relieving officers. So long as the law remains what it is there will be no way out of this dilemma. The Guardians ought to pay, and will not pay. The School Board ought not to pay, but in the end will be forced to pay. It is understood that Mr. FORSTER is considering what modifications can be introduced into the 25th clause of the Education Act. The modification that has the first claim on his attention is the excision of the words which declare that the payment of school fees shall not be deemed parochial relief given to the parents. If it is not relief, the Guardians have a good technical answer to all arguments in favour of their finding the money. They are charged with the duty of administering relief, and it is no business of theirs to make a payment which ostentatiously repudiates the name. In connexion with this alteration of the Education Act there must be a corresponding alteration in the Poor Law. Inability to pay for a child's education must be recognized as constituting an equal title to poor relief with inability to pay for a child's food. Under these circumstances, the best thing that the London School Board can do is to adopt the resolution proposed by Lord MAHON. The object of this resolution is simply to keep things going for the present. It continues for six months the resolution passed in November last, authorising the Board either to remit or pay school fees on proof of urgent temporary need, and assigns as the reason for doing so, the "early proposed amendment of the Act by the Legislature." If Parliament sanctions such an alteration of the law as is contemplated in the recent circular of the Local Government Board, the duty of either remitting or paying school fees will be taken off the shoulders of the School Board. In that case there will no longer be any occasion for either of the alternative modes of meeting the difficulty suggested by Mr. REED and Mr. PICTON.

Mr. REED's resolution, however, deserves notice on the score of its own intrinsic demerits. The gist of it is that the School Board should write to the managers of voluntary schools suggesting that where there are vacancies in their schools a certain proportion of places shall be set apart without charge for children whose parents are unable to pay the school fee. The London School Board is a highly respectable body, and Mr. REED is one of its most justly respected

members; but, notwithstanding this, the resolution which now stands in his name can only be characterized as impudent. The law has created School Boards for the express purpose of dealing with educational destitution. It has given them the choice of dealing with this educational destitution either by remitting the fees ordinarily charged in Board schools, or by paying the fees charged in voluntary schools, or by setting up free schools. Mr. REED's resolution ignores all these alternatives, and coolly asks the managers of voluntary schools to step in and do the School Board's work. A parallel case would be if the Poor Law Guardians throughout London were to close the workhouse infirmaries, and send a circular to the Committees of the various hospitals, asking them to set apart a certain proportion of beds for sick paupers. It is to be hoped that the London School Board will have sufficient self-respect to reject this motion; but if they have not, the managers of voluntary schools will do well to treat this barefaced attempt to sponge upon their liberality with the contempt it deserves. Mr. PICTON's resolution is open to the objection that it gives a needless sanction to the principle of free education, without really meeting the wants of the particular class of children for whose benefit it is designed. If the Education Act is amended in the way already referred to, there will be no need to resort to free education. A parent who is unable to pay school fees will have this fact taken into account in the distribution of poor relief. The School Board will take care that his children are sent to school, and the Guardians will take care that he does not get help from the rates unless his earnings are insufficient to keep them at school. Any large outlay on gratuitous instruction might have the effect of prejudging the question in a sense unfavourable to this settlement. Besides this, Mr. PICTON forgets that the introduction of the lowest class of children into existing schools will have the effect of driving out many of the children who now attend them. Mr. LLEWELYN DAVIES has told us that only last week the managers of a National school in Marylebone expelled thirty boys who had been brought in by a school visitor on the ground that their presence was injurious to the school. The immediate injury probably took the shape of impaired discipline, but the ultimate injury would doubtless have taken the shape of diminished attendance. There is a very great gulf in any large town between the skilled and the unskilled labourer, and the former would never consent to let his children sit side by side with children picked up in the streets. It is a perfectly natural feeling on his part, for until these little outcasts have been humanized and civilized in some degree, they are sources of physical and moral contamination. That separate schools will have to be provided for this class does not admit of doubt. Mr. MACGREGOR's resolution meets the difficulty which Mr. PICTON's resolution passes over. It proposes at once to open small special schools in the poorest neighbourhoods for children whose habits, condition, or conduct render them unfit for or injurious to ordinary schools. No alteration made in the Education Act can affect the need for these schools; the utmost that any change can do is to alter the incidence of the cost of them. Under the Act as it stands the schools in question would be free. Under the Act as it will probably stand hereafter the parents would be compelled to pay a part of the expense out of the relief supplied them by the Guardians.

Even Mr. MACGREGOR's resolution hardly embraces the lowest class of children. Direct compulsion is necessarily aimed at parents, but many of the children who pick up a living honestly or dishonestly in the streets of London are practically orphans. They receive no parental care, and as a natural consequence they have pretty well emancipated themselves from parental control. Who is to see that these children attend school regularly and punctually? The policeman may bring them occasionally, if he happens to know that they have no business to be in the streets. But it would require a ubiquitous constabulary to ensure that this knowledge shall be ordinarily or often possessed. It will not be enough for a policeman to know that a child of that age ought, as a general rule, to be at school somewhere; he must know to what school he ought to take him. Fortunately for the London School Board, educational difficulties, though they come thick and fast, do not come quite all at once. There are a good many children not yet at school whose case will be met by Mr. MACGREGOR's proposal. Before attempting to deal with that lowest depth which remains behind, it will be well to reduce its numbers as far as possible.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S CHARGES.

THE Archbishop of CANTERBURY has made a useful innovation in episcopal charges. Instead of saying all he has to say several times over, he says a part of what he has to say at successive visitation centres. By this means each instalment of the charge may be listened to with reasonable attention, and, what is of more moment, has a good chance of being fully reported. In this way the Archbishop has been able to travel over most of the questions which possess any ecclesiastical interest. In speaking of an Archbishop of Canterbury it is a truism to say that he has approached them with extreme caution and left them not seriously disturbed. The tradition of prudence in the Metropolitan see is too strong to be broken through. A rash Archbishop of Canterbury is almost a contradiction in terms. We might as well talk of a fanatical GALLIO. Unfortunately this caution, valuable as it is in persons holding a position at once so prominent and so delicate, is exposed to an inevitable drawback. It is essential to its proper maintenance that you should never go far into a subject. Controversies are like the buried shells now being turned up in the gardens round Paris—harmless as long as they are not broken open. Three of the questions touched on by the Archbishop may be taken as examples of this mode of treatment—the functions of the laity in the Church, the position of the Church of England as regards the civil courts, and the duty of the clergy under the judgment lately given in the PURCHAS case. Of course the Archbishop did not give any opinion on the scheme of Parochial Councils. Lay intervention carried to that extreme has a revolutionary air about it which makes it hardly capable of decorous mention within the limits of the archdiocese. His typical example of lay work in the Church was the office of churchwarden. In this valuable institution there is a representation of the laity, a lay representation of the clergy, and a representation of the central authority. A man who is at once the representative of his parish, or of his clergyman and his parish, and an officer of the bishop, "ought to feel that he is bound to give an example in his daily life, and by his regular attendance upon religious ordinances, to the whole parish." A better constitution, the Archbishop adds truly enough, it would be difficult to devise. Why, he seems to imply, should people want any newfangled modes of exercising lay influence when this admirable, this sacred, this almost Divine organization exists in every parish? The Archbishop takes no notice of the drawbacks which attach to the system he loves so well. He passes over, for instance, the fact that the parish in modern times is a term which often bears a very different meaning in theory and in practice. In theory it stands for the lay members of the Church of England. In practice it stands not only for the lay members of the Church of England, but for the members, lay and clerical, of a great many other Churches. The churchwarden who is to be a pattern to the parish in "regular attendance upon religious ordinances" has perhaps not gone inside the church for years before the beginning of his year of office, and only goes there then in order to restrict the liberty assumed in matters of ritual by the clergy, and by such of the laity as do go to church. It is not quite reasonable to expect either clergy or laity to be content with an arrangement which allows the parish to be represented by a Dissenter who has been elected by the majority of non-churchgoers for the express purpose of annoying the minority of churchgoers.

If, in dealing with the position of the laity, the Archbishop unduly exalts the share they already possess in the conduct of ecclesiastical business, in dealing with the question of State control he goes to the other extreme. Many conscientious persons, he says, are troubled by the bondage to the civil courts which seems to them to be an incident, and an unfortunate incident, of an Established Church. It is not, answers the Archbishop, an incident of an Established Church, except in the way in which it is an incident of any Church which possesses endowments. Counsel's opinion has before now been taken as to the value of adult baptism as a test of membership of the Baptist body; the question whether the doctrine preached by a Presbyterian minister in Capetown was in accordance with Presbyterian standards of theology has been decided by the Judicial Committee; and a minority in the Free Church of Scotland are at this moment threatening the majority that if certain doctrines are allowed to be called in question, the civil courts will be asked to declare whether these doctrines are not part of the original constitution of the Free Church. All this is true so far as it goes, but, considered as a statement of the distinction between the Established and the non-established Churches as regards their relation to the civil courts, it leaves out one important

particular. Non-established Churches are free to legislate for themselves. If the civil courts had decided that adult baptism was not a necessary qualification for membership of the Baptist communion, the Baptists could at once have made it so for the future. They might have had to sacrifice some endowments by doing so; but they could have made the new article of faith imperative on every Baptist minister; and though a minister taking his stand on the words of some deed of trust might probably have retained his chapel, he would not have retained it as a Baptist. It is conceivable that if a few years back a Roman Catholic priest had been deprived of an endowed cure for denying the Pope's infallibility, he might have obtained redress from a civil court on the ground that the acceptance of this doctrine was not part of the original contract on which he held his position. But no such decision could be given since the Vatican Council. The pressure of a lay court upon clerical consciences is regulated entirely by the extent to which its decisions are irreversible. In a voluntary Church they can virtually be got rid of by fresh legislation. In the Church of England under present circumstances the civil courts declare not merely what the law is, but also what it is to remain. It is another question whether, all things considered, the Church of England gains or loses by this peculiarity; but the fair examination of this issue by the persons most concerned will only be prejudiced by so imperfect a statement of the case as that given by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

The same fault of reservation runs through the Archbishop's reference to the PURCHAS case. Of course there is no contesting his statement that the clergy are bound to obey the law, and his prediction that the number who will ultimately be found to maintain the contrary position is extremely small is equally beyond dispute. But the difficulty of the situation is that the exposition of the law contained in the PURCHAS judgment is for several reasons unsatisfactory. In the first place, the judges arrived at their conclusions after hearing only one side. It was no fault of theirs that they did so, but, as a matter of fact, the unwillingness or inability of Mr. PURCHAS to appear by counsel did prevent the argument for the respondent from being set out with the same fullness as the argument for the promoter. The clergy, who are not responsible for this unfortunate defect in the presentation of the issue, may be pardoned if they are anxious to have the case virtually reheard. In the second place, the spirit, and so to speak the policy, of the judgment seems to many persons to be contrary to that which animated previous and subsequent judgments of the same court in similar cases. Instead of giving as much liberty as possible upon all matters of doubtful interpretation, the Judicial Committee have acted as though they were bound to make a positive order in favour of one or other of two alternative practices. This principle, if carried out to its legitimate consequences, would introduce into the services of the Church of England a uniformity hitherto unknown and now more than ever disliked. In the third place, though this is perhaps a mere result of the onesidedness of the argument, the judgment appears to many persons to be bad law. If in a secular matter of great importance this conviction were felt to the same extent, one of two things would happen; either Parliament would be asked to alter the law as declared by the judges, or the persons affected by the decision would take measures to get the same issue raised with sufficient variation of circumstances to ensure that a rehearing should not be refused on purely technical grounds. In an ecclesiastical matter the former of these courses cannot be taken, and there is consequently all the more reason for having recourse to the latter. By far the greatest part of what is called insubordination and an obstinate resolution to disobey the law is really an expression of the feeling that the law has not yet said its last nor its best word. If the Archbishop of CANTERBURY had set himself to distinguish between these two sentiments, and to consider how they can best be reconciled, he would have done more for the real peace of the Church than by ignoring the very points which give peculiarity, and therefore difficulty, to the PURCHAS case.

BLAZING PRINCIPLES.

MR. MIALL, in his recent oration at Birmingham, struck out one of those happy phrases which are more characteristic than a volume of deliberate exposition. "We," he said, meaning the Liberal party, "must once more light up the torch of some great blazing principle." We are now stagnating; the flame kindled by our forefathers is weak and flickering, and the enthusiasm requires a fresh stimulus. A good big bonfire of some kind should be lighted, and we should not be long in want of a

shouting, cheering, and fighting mob. There need be no want of fuel for some time to come if that is the one necessary condition of political health. The Church of England supplies the materials for the first blaze at which Mr. Miall means to warm his hands. Undoubtedly it would burn well. Westminster Abbey and the cathedrals would make a fine central core of heat, and we might throw in parish churches by the hundred, and comfortable deaneries and picturesque parsonages, and all manner of historical lumber. A good deal of the timberwork has got pretty dry in the course of ages, and may be expected to crackle and splutter to our hearts' content. When the Church is reduced to ashes, we need not look far for additional supplies. From Westminster Abbey the fire might easily spread to the House of Lords; and, to make thorough work, we must burn not only the central meeting place, but the nests of the rooks all over the country. There are still old castles and modern country houses enough to keep up the flame for some years to come. Then it is but a corollary to throw in the obsolete finery of the Throne. The flames will make short work of it; but it will be a picturesque kind of *feu d'artifice* by way of termination to the first act of the proceedings. The sacred fire must not by any chance be allowed to go out. The torch must be applied to the most inflammable material left, and there will still be plenty of opportunity. Not many years ago it was found that a farmer's ricks on fire threw a very picturesque light upon a country side, and, that the inhabitants of towns may have their share, it would be a pity not to light up the huge buildings in which capitalists keep dead machinery at work to the great detriment of living labour. Petroleum, it is known, makes a grand blaze, and when set alight in the streets of a large capital provides an entertainment for the proletariat at the expense of the selfish and besotted middle classes. Perhaps, too, we might judiciously restore an amusement which was much in vogue with our forefathers. After all, nothing burns so well as a martyr, and the supply is practically inexhaustible. So long as there are three people gathered together, two of them may always burn the third; and, moreover, there is a fair chance that when flames of this kind have been lighted, they may spread beyond the "silver streak." Not only the Thames, but the Rhine, and even more distant rivers may join in the conflagration; and a grand illumination may be produced of which certainly no one living can expect to see the end.

Nothing, of course, could be further from Mr. Miall's intention than to produce a blaze of this kind. He would not use Greek fire and such inextinguishable and diabolical compounds, but would keep the flames well in hand. The petroleum should be used only to light our streets, not to set them on fire. The lucifers which he would use should be warranted only to light on the box; that is to say, on the application of Mr. Miall's own eloquence. And yet the habit of dropping matches about is dangerous. We fear that when the fire was once burning even a Dissenting chapel would be liable to a high rate of insurance. Or, to drop a metaphor which we have perhaps pushed beyond fair limits—though it must be owned that it has a flavour of incendiarism about it—the plan of always setting things to rights in a passion is a dangerous one. Great principles are all very well; and indeed no politics deserve the name which do not rest upon a recognition of great principles. But a "blazing principle"—so far as we understand the phrase—means, not a profound or prolific or well-considered principle, but a principle the announcement of which throws people into a paroxysm of excitement, enables stump-orators to produce thunders of applause by cheap rhetoric, and is the moving power for a systematic agitation. Now we are as far as possible from asserting that there is never an occasion for such agitations. There is a time for everything; a time for peaceful development, and a time for revolutions. There are critical periods in history when the only choice lies between two great evils. On one side may be an intolerable grievance, an abuse which has survived all traces of its original purpose, and has become an incubus on the energies of the country. It may be that the persons interested in it are devoted to a policy of immoveable obstruction, and that no alternative is left except stagnating or "shooting Niagara." In that case it may be better, though the cost to be paid is necessarily a heavy one, to call in popular passion as the only force which can remove the obstacles. The subterranean fires had better burst forth than that Sodom and Gomorrah should be permitted to flourish indefinitely. And on such grounds it may well be maintained that the French Revolution, for example, was on the whole a benefit to mankind, in spite of the temporary sufferings and the permanent political demoralization which it has caused. Mr. Miall would, we doubt not, be about the last of men to advocate a new revolution, or to be seriously favourable to any movement which would shake the hold of respectability upon the country at large. But then the method which Mr. Miall advocates is one which is beneficial only in times of revolution, though unfortunately we are only too much accustomed to make use of it in times of quiet development. Stated without figurative expressions, it comes to this—that there should be a permanent condition of intense popular excitement, that an Anti-Corn Law League should be succeeded without intermission by an Education League, and an Education League by a Disestablishment League, and a Disestablishment League by a Woman's Rights League, and so on *ad infinitum*. Popular excitement should always be maintained at high pressure, and the hustings orator should never be without a

good cry to bring Liberals to the poll and keep Conservatives out of office. In a revolutionist, or even a purely electioneering, point of view, the policy of this system is obvious, and it is likely to become more obvious in proportion as we admit to the franchise a greater number of ignorant voters, who can only be stirred to activity by some highly-spiced appeal to their passions. Whether it is a statesmanlike view is another question. For good or for evil we have transferred the government of the country to a lower social class. That our masters should take an interest in the questions they are called upon to decide is clearly desirable, but it is desirable in the sense that their comprehension should rise to the level of affairs, and not that the system of management should be lowered to their comprehension.

What, in fact, is the obvious evil which Mr. Miall proposes to remedy by this nostrum of "blazing principles"? Is it not that there are a large number of questions which are of surpassing importance to the country, and in which the constituents cannot be induced to take any intelligent interest? Take one or two of the most obvious instances. There is great need, we will assume, of law reform of a systematic kind; but nobody can make questions about digests and codification intelligible to a popular audience; and therefore it is suggested that law reform should be put aside till that indefinite date when enough popular pressure can be accumulated to force it upon the attention of Parliament. There is urgent need of intelligent sanitary legislation; but we have to submit to being poisoned by sewage till we have arranged the precise internal details of our ballot-boxes. We want a good system of national education, but our efforts are trammelled because the only question which really excites popular enthusiasm is that which brings into activity the mutual prejudices of Dissenters and Churchmen. The question is not entirely shelved, but the discussion of the subject is distorted, false issues are raised and regarded with extravagant interest, because it is necessary to be always carrying the torch of a blazing principle. Or, again, it is very probable that many useful reforms might be made in the Established Church; but it is hopeless to discuss them rationally, because every such debate gives a chance for a gentleman to rush in with a blazing principle, and have the pleasure of setting Churchmen and Dissenters by the ears. People, again, are always complaining that Englishmen take no interest in India or the colonies. How can it be otherwise when the great mass of our rulers scarcely know the difference between India and Australia, and all legislation has to be carried on with a view to keeping them in a state of constant ebullition; or how can we desire it to be otherwise if the only alternative is to be that, by the help of some blazing principle, we may suddenly produce heat without fire, or, in other words, a paroxysm of ignorant excitement? These difficulties, familiar to every thoughtful man, are, it may be said, a necessary corollary from our principles of government, and we must take the evil with the good, and be thankful if the blind force which we set in action incidentally produces some good results. It may be so, but at any rate sensible men should not do their best to increase the evil. They should not be preaching to ignorant people that the political drama must needs have a sensational scene in every act, and that all questions should be decided offhand by blazing principles—that is to say, by sentiment instead of reason. Let them insist, if they please, that statesmen should be responsible to the public, but not that it is the duty of statesmen to be always titillating the public palate with some new sauce more highly flavoured than the last. On the contrary, it would be as well if voters could be told that they would do wisely to put up with a little dull honest work, and permit public servants to labour by the light of common sense instead of the glare of blazing principles.

CHESTERFIELD.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S *Letters to his Son* is still, we presume, one of those books without which no gentleman's library is supposed to be complete; but it is a book which is probably not much read, and which certainly no gentleman would now dream of putting into his son's hands to guide him on his entrance into the world. It is a book with a bad name. It has recently been thought worth while to print a new edition of it; but the editor has not a word to say in defence of its morality. He admits that from this point of view the "Letters" have called forth the severest criticism. "Not only Johnson, the Christian moralist," he says, "but Cowper, the Evangelical poet, and our own Dickens have joined in condemning them." And the editor appears to concur in this view; at least he does not venture to dispute it. This is, he seems to say, a witty, entertaining book, but its morality is bad; if you find yourself or anybody else the worse for it, do not blame me, for I gave you fair warning. It may be assumed therefore that this new edition is not intended as a book for boys. Yet there is undoubtedly a great deal of excellent advice in it, and one cannot help being sorry that there is no similar work of a more wholesome character. As intercourse between father and son has become more friendly and familiar, parental advice has gone out of fashion. In a general way, no doubt, a father usually gives his son to understand that he must be honest, honourable, and industrious; and to a certain extent watches over his studies, pursuits, and the company he keeps; but there is apt to be a sort of false modesty which keeps him from counselling the lad frankly and fully on all subjects. Chesterfield's advice

may be good or bad, but there can be no question about its frankness and completeness; he shirks nothing; he does not take refuge in vague, general observations; on every point he is precise and practical, and he never forgets that it is not an ideal person, but an ordinary human being, whom he is addressing. For our own part, we have no desire to disturb the current judgment on the "Letters"; we believe that it is, in the main, a sound one; but we suspect that, like many other current judgments, though right in itself, it is founded on somewhat loose and inadequate reasoning. Although there can be no question that the moral tendency of the "Letters" is bad, it may be doubted whether the reason of its badness is clearly appreciated. It is popularly supposed that Chesterfield made much of frivolous, superficial accomplishments; that he counselled hypocrisy, deceit, and make-believe; and that his ideal of a man was a knavish fop. In point of fact, Chesterfield is constantly attacking fashionable frivolities, and there is nothing on which he insists so strongly as on the necessity of being thorough in everything, and on the importance of solid acquirements, and of actually being in all respects what one professes to be. Nothing can be worse of course than his remarks on the subject of social gallantries, but, if this were all, it might easily be expunged. Dr. Johnson, who denounced the immorality and frivolity of the "Letters" in an energetic observation, thought that a very pretty book might be picked out of them. Indeed we have some recollection of once seeing an expurgated edition, and a few strokes of the pen would certainly be enough to remove the nasty passages. But when this had been done, what constitutes the essential immorality of the book would still remain. Where Chesterfield goes wrong is not so much in his rules of conduct as in the reasons which he gives why they should be observed. Don't be an impostor, don't cheat, don't pretend to be what you are not, because, if you do, the chances are that you will be found out, and then you will be sorry for it. Above all things, take care of your character; the best way to do that is not merely to seem to be, but actually to be, honest and honourable, and the reason why you should be so careful about this is because nothing pays so well as a good character. Don't be lewd and dissolute, because it will cost you money which you might spend more advantageously, and it will also injure your health. Virtue is a good thing, because it is healthy and economical, and in the long run you get more pleasure out of it than out of vice. This is a fair summary of Chesterfield's social philosophy and moral code. The taint runs through every letter, and vitiates what would otherwise be good and wholesome counsels. It is true that Chesterfield inveighs against dissimulation, but the whole tendency of his teaching is to encourage it, inasmuch as he ignores all moral considerations, and argues everything on the lowest grounds of expediency. The knave is always a fool to the extent of believing in his own immunity from detection. It is obvious that honesty will not appear to be the best policy to a man who feels sure that his roguery will never be found out. The mischief of the "Letters" is that they are apt to be read backwards.

When Dr. Johnson spoke of "pretty pickings" from the "Letters," he was thinking perhaps of the passages in which Chesterfield insists on the importance of thoroughness and attention in all things. "Attend, attend"; this is the burden of his lectures. Attend to pleasure as well as business, and to little things as well as great things. Remember the *hoc age*; do what you are about, be that what it will. "A man is fit neither for business nor pleasure who either cannot, or does not, command and direct his attention to the present object, and in some degree banish for the time all other objects from his thoughts." "There is time enough for everything in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year if you will do two things at a time." "I know nothing in the world," he says elsewhere, "but poetry, not to be acquired by application and care." And next to attention comes method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it. Fix a particular day for going over your accounts; always rise early and at the same hour, no matter when you go to bed. Nothing can be more thorough and practical than the plans of study which he recommends. "Never read history without having maps and a chronological book on the table lying by you and constantly recurred to, without which history is only a confused heap of facts." In his hints for foreign travel Chesterfield showed himself rather an enlightened statesman than a frivolous courtier. Philip was of course to make himself acquainted with the personal history of the different Courts he visited; but his observations were by no means to stop there:—

I do not mean that you should immediately turn author, and oblige the world with your travels; yet, wherever you go, I would have you as curious and inquisitive as if you did intend to write them. I do not mean that you should give yourself so much trouble to know the number of houses, inhabitants, signposts, and tombstones of every town that you go through; but that you should inform yourself as well as your stay will permit you, whether the town is free, or whom it belongs to, or in what manner; whether it has any peculiar privileges or customs; what trade or manufactures; and such other particulars as people of sense desire to know.

In another letter he tells Philip that he must consider the countries through which he passes classically and politically, not "knick-knackingly." "Do not become a virtuoso of small wares"; observe where the man of taste ends, and the mere curiosity-monger begins. Get sound general impressions, but do not overburden the mind with petty details. As to architecture, for example, "master the considerable parts of the art, and for the

minute and practical parts of it, leave them to masons, bricklayers, and Lord Burlington." In these days of popular literature and loose second-hand thought, there is perhaps nothing more important to be impressed upon lads while they are still young, and when their minds as well as their bodies are settling into habits, than the necessity of thinking out things for themselves, and not taking on trust all they read or hear. We might be more hopeful of the next generation if all youngsters were put through the same course of discipline which Chesterfield planned for Philip. Whenever he reads anything he is always to compare it with his own observations, and to ask himself, Is this so? Have I observed it before? And if he has not observed it, he is to take the first opportunity of testing the truth of the assertion. "For instance, if you have not already observed that the shadows are long in the morning and evening, and short at noon, try it yourself, and see whether it is true or not. When you hear of the rosy morn, consider with yourself why it is so called, and whether it ought to be called so or not."

All this is excellent, but as usual Chesterfield goes on to spoil the lesson by tagging to it his favourite moral, that it pays to do fine and noble actions. He reminds his son that it is recorded in history that the first Scipio, when he conquered Spain, took prisoner a beautiful Spanish princess, who was soon to have been married to a prince of that country, and at once returned her to her lover, with the gift of a fortune. The little boy is desired to observe that it was very virtuous "in Scipio, who was a young man, and unmarried, and a conqueror," to withstand the temptation of beauty, and how generous he was in giving her a fortune. This is one side of the account; but then, on the other hand, Scipio must have himself felt that he had done a fine thing; other people would applaud him; and though "this happened above eighteen hundred years ago, it is still remembered with honour, and will be so as long as letters subsist." It cannot be said that this is exactly an ignoble line of argument. The desire to stand well in the eyes of men is respectable enough in itself, and an ambition to have the good opinion of posterity may almost be regarded as disinterested. But still the debtor and creditor way in which the account is always drawn up jars on a generous mind, and is destructive of moral impulses. You never find Chesterfield saying that it is right to do anything because it is just and good to do it, but only because it will gain applause, and so flatter your own vanity, and go to the making of a reputation which may be turned to personal profit in many ways. Self-interest is ever the object in view; not self-interest in the large, cultivated, social sense in which it is understood by the philosophic Utilitarian, but a narrow, personal selfishness of the poorest kind. "Low company and low pleasures are always," he remarks, "more costly than liberal and elegant ones. The disgraceful riots of a tavern are much more expensive, as well as dishonourable, than the (sometimes pardonable) excesses in good company." Colonel Charteris, "the most notorious, blasted rascal in the world," once said that he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he could make a hundred thousand by it. "Is it possible that an honest man would neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?"

The utter selfishness of the man, his incapacity to understand anything but selfishness in others as well as in himself, is painfully conspicuous in the "Letters." When Philip is a youth, he is to behave well because his father will make it worth his while to do so, and if he does not behave well, his pleasures will be curtailed; when he grows up, he is urged to lead a decent and reputable life because decency and respectability are socially the best things a man can invest in, and always yield good interest, and because, with a little care, they need not interfere with his pleasures. It must have been made abundantly clear to the poor lad that his father's regard for him was nothing but the interest of an elderly gentleman in the progress of a young man who was to be a credit to him, and to increase his renown. Chesterfield was anxious that Philip should make a figure in the world, not for the youth's sake, but for his own—that so people should talk of him, and admire and envy him for having such a son. He was to live life over again in the boy, and to shine more than ever. We know what happened; and nothing can be more pathetic than the "Letters" when read by the light of after events. Poor Philip was not destined to shine. He turned out a dull, plodding, clumsy fellow, a mannerless slob; he died young in a small diplomatic post abroad, and his father then learned that he had for some years been secretly married, and had left a widow and a couple of children. Chesterfield himself, with all his ability and laborious eagerness to excel, was not a successful man. He had distinguished himself as an orator, as an administrator, as a man of fashion, and a man of letters; but, for reasons which it is not difficult to conjecture, his influence and success were far below his powers. He prided himself too much on his faculty of managing men, of getting on the weak side of them, and humouring their foibles, to be able to resist the temptation of showing off his skill. It was too obvious that he sought to please only to gratify his own vanity, and to serve his own ends. A father who took as much pains to make his son a good man as Chesterfield took to make his poor clownish Philip a polished and brilliant man of the world, would probably find his efforts better repaid. If the "Letters" cannot be recommended to sons, fathers might perhaps study them with advantage for the sake of the "pretty pickings" which they might retail with a better moral.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE POLLOCK.

THE late Sir George Pollock was an eminent example of the sort of character by which our Indian Empire has been established and maintained. He was quiet, undemonstrative, and thoroughly tenacious. He was one of the few surviving veterans of the Mahratta war, which this country carried to a successful issue simultaneously with its great struggle against Republican and Imperial France. The victories of Lake and Wellesley had compelled Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar to make peace, but their submission did not relieve the British Government from all apprehension of the Mahratta power. Holkar had abstained from joining Scindiah, but the cession of territory on the peace brought him into immediate contact with British power, and hostilities were inevitable. Wellesley was obliged by ill-health to resign his command, but he left with Lake some valuable observations as to the best mode of making war on Holkar. The commencement of the campaign of 1804 was not auspicious. Holkar, who had military skill, perceived that Colonel Monson occupied an exposed position, and he attacked him and compelled him to a disastrous retreat on Agra. Holkar now laid siege to Delhi, but the advance of Lake with his army soon relieved that place. Holkar now began to ravage the Doab in his usual style, but Lake, acting on the advice of Wellesley, followed him with a corps "capable of moving with tolerable activity," so as not to allow him to plunder the country, or hardly to obtain subsistence. By these means Lake, who delighted to lead his own cavalry, drove Holkar beyond the Jumna, and then took measures to punish the Rajah of Bhurtpore, who had lately joined Holkar. The fort of Deeg, belonging to this Rajah, was stormed and captured, and Pollock, who was then a young lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, took part in the operation. Early in the next year, which saw such memorable events in Europe, preparations were made by Lake to besiege Bhurtpore. It has been lately disputed whether this country was really in such danger as is supposed of being invaded by Napoleon in the early months of 1805. We can only say that, whatever may have been the exact measure of the peril which our fathers encountered in that year, we hope that their descendants will display as much resolution and capacity whenever they may be subjected to an equal trial. While a French army was encamped at Boulogne, and a Franco-Spanish fleet at sea, and Nelson vainly seeking it, Lake was besieging Bhurtpore with means lamentably inadequate. But British armies had rarely failed in India, and the British authorities felt that as long as Holkar could hold this fortress the country which they governed would never be safe from his incursions. Accordingly Lake was instructed to apply his best efforts to the capture of Bhurtpore, but his army was far too small to invest the place, and his siege material was insufficient to batter its defences. If the conduct of Lake needed apology, it might be found in that of his able colleague in these wars, Wellesley, who afterwards, under stress of circumstances, adopted the same rash policy of making men do the work of material in Spain. Lake had gained repeated victories in the field, and therefore, when he called upon his soldiers to advance against the walls of Bhurtpore, they were not likely to hang back. Yet he failed in four successive assaults, involving a loss of upwards of 3,000 men, of whom 103 were European officers. This severe disappointment compelled Lake to raise the siege, but he made preparations to resume it. However, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, having quarrelled with his confederates, now made peace with the British Government, and a few months later Holkar was reduced, by Lake's pertinacity in pursuing him, to submission. Thus the unsuccessful operations before Bhurtpore, in which young Pollock was employed, had a less disastrous effect than might have been anticipated. To attempt such an enterprise with such means was highly imprudent; but in India, and perhaps everywhere else, it is better, at least for a general who commands British soldiers, to err on the side of rashness than on that of timidity. At any rate the men who could, and did, while their country was contending with Napoleon at home, coerce the Mahratta chiefs into good behaviour, must have possessed high military qualities, and Pollock was a pupil in their school. The services of our Indian army in those years have been thrown into the shade by the greatness of contemporary events in Europe, and therefore it is right that we should be occasionally reminded that such men as Pollock did their duty before Bhurtpore as well and gallantly as Burgoyne did his duty before Badajoz. Of two successive Constables of the Tower, one never served in India, and the other never served beyond it—so wide and various were the fields of exertion to which British soldiers in those stirring times were called. Pollock and his comrades not only defeated the Mahrattas, but literally rode them down. He commanded the artillery of the column which made the last march against Holkar, and perhaps his guns fired on the banks of the Sutlej the salute which celebrated at once Christmas Day and the establishment of peace in India. This was in the same year in which the battle of Trafalgar delivered the British Isles from all danger of invasion, while the battle of Austerlitz laid Continental Europe at the feet of France. During twelve ensuing years India remained at peace, and doubtless Pollock and his contemporaries chafed at an inactivity which so strongly contrasted with the brilliant services of British soldiers in Spain, Belgium, and France. But for Pollock there was reserved an arduous and honourable employment which needed all the courage, patience, and varied resource of a veteran of the Mahratta war.

It would be an ungrateful and perhaps unnecessary task, *infandum renovare dolorem*, to repeat the miserable history of the destruction of a British army by barbarians in and around Cabul. An elderly and amiable gentleman, tormented and utterly incapacitated by gout, had been placed by a strange caprice of the Indian Government in command of an army which found itself in a difficult but by no means hopeless situation. His second in command had vigour and resolution to perform any duty, however difficult; and if only he could have got a distinct order to fight, he would have fought, and possibly he might have conquered. At any rate it would have been better to die in honourable battle than by the hardships of a wintry retreat infested by treacherous enemies who violated a disgraceful capitulation. Some of our generals have been good and others bad strategists, but almost without exception they have possessed the resolution which was wanting at Cabul. Some of us have seen the statue of Ney at Metz, which exhibits him with his musket in his hand, announcing himself as the rear-guard of the grand French army which had invaded Russia. The British army which had occupied Cabul dwindled in like manner until it was represented by a solitary officer, Dr. Brydon, who reached the garrison of his countrymen at Jellalabad. It was not only an army which had been lost, but the belief of nations, friendly or hostile, in British prowess had been seriously impaired. This was the first difficulty with which Pollock had to contend when he undertook next year to relieve Jellalabad and re-occupy Cabul. For such a task there needed the sort of Englishman who could make war at once with Napoleon and the Mahrattas; and, fortunately, there remained at least one of them in India. Sale, who had so bravely defended Jellalabad throughout the winter, urged Pollock to advance to his relief, and a general whose caution was not equal to his courage might have attempted a rash movement, which would probably have been unsuccessful. Pollock wrote to Sale that if he advanced immediately the bulk of four native regiments would probably refuse to follow him; and this appearance of disaffection or cowardice "could not again be got over." There is much eloquence in these simple words. The reinforcements which Pollock expected would make all sure, and for these he determined to wait, and Sale must in the meantime hold out as he best could. A little later he wrote to Sale:—"I hope the horror the Hindoos had has somewhat subsided, but without more white faces I question even now if they would go." However, early in April Pollock began his march from Peshawur, by skilful arrangements forced the Khyber Pass with trifling loss, relieved Jellalabad, and afterwards marched upon Cabul. General Nott, whose resolution equalled that of Pollock, was happily in command at Candahar, on the south-west of Cabul; he undertook to advance on that side while Pollock moved from Jellalabad on the east. After Pollock, by a first success, had established confidence among his native troops, he was able to overcome all resistance that the courage of the Afghans and their knowledge of the country could interpose to his advance. Soldiers vary wonderfully in conduct according to the character of their commanders. We hear from time to time, with much apparent truth, that English soldiers cannot march; that their boots, clothes, and equipments are all unsuitable to activity; and that, slowly as they go, they outmarch the supplies which an incapable commissariat struggles to bring up. Yet the success of Pollock in forcing the passes between Peshawur and Cabul is ascribed to the rapidity with which his English skirmishers climbed the mountain-sides and dislodged the marksmen who would have fired upon his columns of troops and baggage. It appears doubtful what was the real intention of Lord Ellenborough. He, as Governor-General, wrote many despatches to Pollock and Nott, from which they, being in the mind to advance, inferred permission to do so. If either of them had feared responsibility, he might have hesitated, and thus neutralized the resolution of the other. Pollock, besides courage and capacity, had the suavity which distinguished Marlborough. Nott could do anything in war except keep his temper. He was justly irritated at some shilly-shallying of those who ought to have vigorously supported him; and even Pollock did not always escape an acerbity which he did not provoke. These generals performed with complete success the service which they undertook, and, if they owed little else to fortune, they had to thank her for that which Tacitus calls the finish of prosperity, *laudator eloquentissimus*. Whatever may have been the other talents of Lord Ellenborough, he was abundantly capable of blowing the trumpet on behalf of himself and those who served under his orders. So the relief of Cabul was celebrated with adequate magniloquence. The bringing back of the supposed gates of Somnauth was rather a theatrical proceeding, but the delivery of the prisoners taken by the Afghans in the disastrous winter was an evidence of success of a thoroughly satisfactory kind.

The military career of Sir George Pollock ended with this campaign, almost exactly thirty years ago. He then counted nearly forty years of Indian service, and fifty-six years of life. He survived until last Sunday in the enjoyment of well-earned honour and reward, and indeed it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of such a man in command at Peshawur in the spring of 1842. The old Indian army did its work well, and he was one of its most able and distinguished members.

PILGRIMAGES.

THE South of France, according to the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, is at present being torn asunder by the rival forces of those "twin results of ignorance, Democracy and Superstition." What our American cousins, to say nothing of M. Gambetta and some politicians nearer home, will think of this curt definition of democracy, we cannot undertake to say. It is, however, with the second of these twin children of ignorance that we are here more especially concerned. Many of our readers will no doubt have been reading during the past week, perhaps with a smile or a sneer, the elaborate descriptions in the daily papers of the recent pilgrimage to Lourdes, where it seems that no less than forty thousand worshippers, and seven or eight archbishops and bishops, were assembled on Sunday last to hear masses and sermons, and sing hymns in honour of the Pope, Our Lady of Lourdes, and the sorrows of afflicted France. As to the political aspect of the solemnity, it is of course only natural that full advantage should be taken of so excellent an opportunity for enlisting the patriotic sympathies of Frenchmen on the side of Catholicism. The enforced expatriation of all inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who wish to retain their allegiance to France must be admitted, even by those who consider it to be necessary, to be a hard necessity; and when the edict emanates from a Protestant Emperor, religious zeal and national indignation are naturally enough combined in a common sentiment of antagonism. But with the pilgrims generally, and especially with the priests and women who are said to form the great majority, religious feeling may probably be assumed to predominate; and this is the form of "superstition" to which the *Times* refers as one of the twin daughters of ignorance. The strange phenomenon presented by the crowds now flocking to Lourdes, as they were flocking a month ago to La Salette, does certainly suggest matter of curious reflection both as to the particular shrines which are thus honoured, and the general question of pilgrimages as an exercise of the religious life.

The so-called evidence for the miraculous apparition of La Salette was so thoroughly examined and so fatally discredited at the time by those whose interests and prejudices were all on the side of belief, that it can hardly be necessary to recur to its details now. Nor do we suppose that in any case many readers could bring themselves to feel a serious interest in the particulars of a tasteless and stupid fiction which rivals the vulgarst tales of table-turning. As for the Lourdes apparition, we are not aware that it has been so elaborately and redundantly exposed, but the firmest believer in modern miracles who retains any appreciation of the laws of evidence must, to say the least, hold a verdict of "not proven" to be the most favourable that the case admits. We reviewed two years ago a work by a Mr. Lawlor which devotes 150 pages to a minute description and vindication of the alleged vision, and we need only mention here the salient points of the narrative. A little girl, who had always been equally noted for her piety and her stupidity, saw one day, when alone, a vision of a mysterious lady, who bade her come every day for a fortnight to the same place, and on one of those days directed her to tell the priest to build a chapel there; and lastly, on the Feast of the Annunciation, revealed her personality in the remarkable formula, "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception." We are further informed that the child did not understand the words, which is very possible, and that she had never before heard them, which is simply incredible, considering that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception had been solemnly defined only four years before, and was being enthusiastically propagated all over France. The crowds who daily followed the girl Bernadette to the miraculous grotto do not profess to have seen anything at all; but a fountain is said to have newly burst out of the rock, the water of which has since been sent all over Europe and has worked numberless cures. If we remember right, the late Father Hermann, a Carmelite converted from Judaism, was said to have recovered his eyesight by a pilgrimage to the fountain of Lourdes; but his blindness soon returned, and he died not long afterwards. Such is the evidence for the miraculous apparition, for the *disproof* of which a French abbé, discreetly mindful of the proverbial difficulty of proving a negative, not long since offered a prize of, we believe, a thousand francs. Nor is it by any means worse off in this respect than other popular resorts of pilgrimage. Friedrich said the other day, in his speech at the Cologne Congress, that he "could tell wonderful stories of the pilgrimages and miraculous pictures brought into vogue. One of the most popular pilgrimages in Bavaria rested on a notorious falsehood." This reference to the Congress, by the way, reminds us that the pious frauds for which religious journalism seems to offer a last refuge are by no means confined to the subject of miracles. Only last week a Roman Catholic paper regaled its readers with what professed to be the judgment of the *Saturday Review* on the Old Catholic Congress at Cologne, obtained by the very simple expedient of quoting as our deliberate verdict a comment we had put into the mouth of an objector, without any allusion even to the existence of our reply. But to return to the Lourdes pilgrims. They are no doubt most of them superstitious enough in their belief about the miraculous apparition and the healing well. But it does not quite follow that the whole idea of pilgrimages is to be set down to mere superstition and ignorance; or at least, if it be so, we must be prepared to frame a tolerably sweeping indictment.

The observance of pilgrimages is not only as old as Christianity, but a good deal older, and is, in fact, common to all the great

religions of the world. Buddhism, Mahometanism, and Judaism have their holy places as well as the Christian Church. Nor is the explanation far to seek. The instinct from which such solemnities spring is very deeply implanted in human nature, and finds expression among those who are least disposed from habit or religious conviction to take part in pilgrimages, whether to Rome or to Salette. There are perhaps comparatively few religious Christians, of whatever sect or school, who would not own to a certain interest in visiting Jerusalem, though many circumstances may hinder them from undertaking the journey in the flesh. At this moment we observe that a kind of clerical pilgrimage from England to the Holy Land is being advertised for next winter under the escort of Mr. Gaze. But, in fact, the value which we all attach—or all but a very philosophical minority whose heads are greatly in advance of their hearts—to pictures, locks of hair, and other memorials of those we love, especially after their death, bears eloquent witness to the same ineradicable sentiment which surrounds the shrine of the Prophet or the tomb of the Apostles with its throng of ardent votaries from distant lands. In the Christian Church the passion for pilgrimage, and no doubt the abuse of it, was of very early growth, and has materially influenced the history of the world. The pilgrimages to the Holy Land were, as has been justly pointed out, the direct cause of the Crusades, and indirectly the cause of the discovery of the New World by Columbus. To this day not only do crowds of Eastern pilgrims gather on the Monday in Holy Week to bathe in the Jordan—where the author of *Æthien* describes them as “transacting rather than working out their salvation”—but even Protestants, as well as Greeks and Roman Catholics, have often carried off the sacred waters to the remotest West for use in baptism. Already in the fourth century, St. Jerome says, in reference to the pilgrim worshippers from all quarters at the Holy Sepulchre:—“*Vox quidem dissona, sed una religio; tot pæne psallentium chori quot gentium diversitates.*” And before that time such legends as the Finding of the Cross had grown out of the prevalent custom. Four centuries later Claudius, Bishop of Turin, was accused of heresy for saying, among other things, “A man gets no nearer to St. Peter by finding himself on the spot where his body was buried, for the soul is the real man”; and the Bishop of Orleans, to whom the Emperor Lewis submitted the work for examination, admitted that pilgrimages had no intrinsic merit, and were liable to abuse, but pleaded that this was true of all good works, and added, truly enough, that “it was a principle implanted in the human mind that the actual beholding of a thing operated more strongly on the feelings than hearing the reports of others.” Accordingly the custom of making pilgrimages to Rome continued and increased rapidly, being of course fostered as time went on by the difficulty and danger of visiting Jerusalem, and by the new theory of the Pope’s universal jurisdiction, which led multitudes to resort thither, either to obtain from his lips absolution of sins supposed to be otherwise irremissible, or to seek a mitigation of the severe penances imposed on them. Many of the Fathers had discouraged pilgrimages to Jerusalem, as Claudius and others discouraged pilgrimages to Rome. But the current belief that the act itself would expiate all past sins, and that washing in the Jordan was a sort of second baptism, continued to prevail; and when Jerusalem was no longer accessible, the concourse of pilgrims *ad limina apostolorum* was sedulously promoted by the institution of jubilees and indulgences. In our own day the pilgrimage to Rome has become matter rather of taste or fashion than of devotion. But an abundance of fresh outlets have been found for the devotional sentiment, and every Catholic country of Europe is covered with miraculous shrines, each of which has its appropriate tradition and festival, and promises some special benefit, temporal or spiritual, to those who come in a spirit of faith to receive it. We may reasonably criticize the legends, and excusably laugh at the miraculous cures, but the belief that sustains them is proof against our keenest satire. It is, after all, the old story—“*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*” The sternest Protestant who declaims against pilgrimages and relics, and is roused into pardonable indignation by the Holy Coat of Trèves, thinks it no waste of time to visit Shakspeare’s house at Stratford, and will gaze with reverent affection on Wicliffe’s pulpit at Lutterworth.

TRY INDIA.

IT would be highly unreasonable to expect that members of a fashionable Club who pride themselves on killing nine blue rocks in succession would consent to forego the delights of a campaign on the moors where the bag is reckoned by scores and hundreds, or a series of autumnal and winter manoeuvres leading up to choice posts at hot corners in Norfolk. But a Scotch shooting-box is not within every man’s compass; and some persons may be urged by a variety of considerations to forego the pleasures, as well as to escape the inconveniences, of a dreary English winter. It occurs to us that there is a country which, though more distant than Algeria or Egypt, combines more attractions, and may be visited with more solid and substantial results, than a military colony on the shores of the Mediterranean or even than the Delta of the Nile. Without in the least undervaluing the wonders of Thebes or Karnak, we would suggest to young men of position, in-

dependence, and energy the propriety of “doing India” before they settle down into the engrossing duties of public and domestic life.

One important consideration in all trips and excursions is the weather; and India, taken at the right season, enjoys an immunity from disturbing atmospheric causes which it is in vain to count on even in Italy and Spain. Serene and unclouded skies, a dry and elastic atmosphere, a sun radiant but not fierce or oppressive, a cool breeze from the North—these are aids to locomotion and to sightseeing which will follow the traveller in Central and Upper India for a period, speaking roundly, which extends from November to March. The Englishman landed during these months at Bombay or Calcutta, and bent on the grand tour of the Empire, will be able to commence a cricket-match at 10.30 in the morning, to travel by relays of horses some thirty to fifty miles in the day, to be punted over marshes in search of wild fowl, or to beat low scrub for quail, peafowl, and partridges, without feeling any other inconvenience than a tanned skin and a dry throat by the evening. With the exception of a proverbial rain, which may last three days at any time between Christmas and the beginning of February, he will never see those ominous clouds which in England so often dissolve to ruin the dress, to spoil the picnic, to impair the chance of the favourite on the race-course, and to end the cricket-match by an unsatisfactory “draw.” It is an official saying in India that a cold season, abnormally prolonged, would enable the Government to reduce salaries and to impose an income-tax without exciting the murmurs of the English portion of the taxpayers.

Then, granting that the *ver longum* and the *tepide brumæ* of Italy have great charms, and that the climate of Lower Egypt in January or February is almost unrivalled, yet the average Englishman in these countries must move about subject to what he considers despotic restrictions or arbitrary laws. Annoyed by passports, or searched by custom-house officials, or vexed by irresponsible underlings, he can only think of an hysterical appeal to the *Times*, or sigh for the days when the name of Palmerston was a tower of strength. In India, on the other hand, in spite of dark faces, unintelligible vernaculars, and perplexing customs, he finds that he can appeal to English functionaries, and that he is everywhere walking under the shadow of English courts. He carries *Magna Charta* in his portmanteau. If extortion is practised, there is a British press to appeal to; and if he should be so unlucky as to contravene a local statute, he will be arraigned before a British functionary, and tried by a British jury, harangued in its turn by a genuine barrister, and directed by a learned judge. Nowhere will he be called on to produce a “permit” or a passport; no inquisitive agent will dog his footsteps, inquire his business, or take down his name and title; and nowhere will his cherished valise be detained under some extemporised pretext until a douanier has received his *pour-boire*, the dragoman his *backshish*, or the commissaire his *buona mano*. In fact, a tour in our Indian dependency combines two things apparently irreconcilable and certainly not to be attained elsewhere. If a citizen wishes to be within reach of the British policeman, he must content himself with a tour in Scotland or Wales, and must lose whatever enjoyment is derivable from a survey of strange manners and unfamiliar places. If he must have the novelty of foreign travel, he can carry no inviolate privileges about with him, except that of grumbling at annoyances. It is a very far cry from the Pyramids to the Home Office. But in India it is, literally, but a step from customs and manners as old as the book of Exodus to a native who is now dubbed a constable, and to Inspectors of the A and B Division, clad in blue uniform, and pith helmets proof against the sun.

Our traveller has therefore a fair guarantee for two things; fine weather, and that serene temper which is maintained by exemption from irritating and impertinent requisitions. Natural scenery will next contribute to enjoyment. It must be admitted that there is a certain monotony in many Indian provinces, and that a man must go out of the beaten track to find picturesque subjects. But still there is something impressive, and even bewildering, in a succession of wide plains at one time covered with an unbroken sheet of rice cultivation; at another varied by rich crops of sugar-cane, pulse, wheat, barley, and other cereals, coarser in grain and higher in stature; or studded with villages, or dotted with herds of cattle, or adorned with those deep reservoirs or those stately clumps of fruit-trees which proclaim that shade and water are the two great requirements of a torrid clime. For grand mountain scenery there are, of course, the Himalayas, “the abode of snow,” as the name denotes. But in parts of Central and Southern India there are mountain passes which would be grand even in the Tyrol; and, here and there, undulating plains covered with grass and foliage which remind the Englishmen of parks and Chases in his own country, and which would have amply justified the man servant in *Æthien* who sat outside a clumsy Turkish vehicle in order to catch a glimpse of “gentlemen’s seats.”

A man who has inspected the most signal victories gained by English or Continental engineers over land, water, and mountainous defiles, will perhaps think little of Indian achievements in this line. The great aqueduct of the Ganges Canal, the railway bridge over the Sone river, and the descents of the Bhoire and the Thull Ghauts towards Bombay, are, however, no trifling evidences of scientific adaptation of means, and of skill in construction and design. But the monuments most worth a visit in India are those bequeathed by Hindu superstition and Mohammedan supremacy. The former, by their vastness and solidity or by their profusion of detail, and the latter, by their airy grace and exquisite purity,

would well repay inspection, even if a visit demanded a far larger amount of toil and expenditure. Facilities for travelling have so multiplied in India during the last fifteen years that the three Presidencies, including their respective hill stations, can be visited in much less time than was required by Victor Jacquemont forty years since to go from Calcutta to the Punjab. Nor will a genuine sportsman lack the reward of honest exertion, or fail to use his breechloader. Many of the happy hunting grounds have, it is true, been cleared of their wild denizens; and there are whole districts, not to say provinces, in which the appearance of a tiger is as unlooked for as it would be in Kent or Sussex. The want of a close time, and of any protection whatever to feathered game, has, moreover, rendered a large bag impossible. But birds of passage, such as the snipe and the quail, and the various waders and divers, still visit the plains of India in enormous quantities, after incubating and hatching their young in the seclusion of the hills and forests which make up the north-eastern barrier; and if an active traveller is bent on larger game, he may stalk the black buck in the Doab of Hindostan, or join a party in Rohilcund which the Corypheus has organized for that auspicious fortnight in the month of March when the mango-trees are heavy with perfume and blossom, and when all the superfluous jungle grass has been burnt by the agriculturists.

It may be, however, that the traveller has other aims than to compass the death of a tiger, or than to feast his eyes with the magical beauty of the Taj Mahal. He calculates on representing his county, or possibly he has already found a seat in some safe borough, and he would like to be able to puzzle an ex-Governor on the Finance Committee, or to enlighten the House with correct views as to the claims of the Nawab Nazim, or the pedigree and administration of the deposed ruler of Tonk. We will venture to say that the member for Mudborough will derive more exquisite pleasure and more real knowledge from a six months' tour in India than from the autumnal perusal of a whole library of blue-books; and that even the House may deign to listen with respectful attention when he next rises in his place to expose the fallacies of the member for Brighton, or to supply the supposed deficiencies of Mr. Grant Duff. But for this object he must abandon the railroad for the equirotal and the palanquin, and must seek the three or four bungalows which, with a gaol, a Government rest-house, and a dispensary, make up the head-station of the well-known district of Nukshapore. The descent through the various gradations of the Indian hierarchy is easy and significant. At the Presidency he will have an opportunity of paying his respects to the Viceroy at his levée, and will be able to contrast the capacity of Government House for receiving a thousand gentlemen with the crush and excitement of a similar exhibition at St. James's. From the capital he will pass on to the head-quarters or to the camp of one of those administrators who, either as Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, or Chief Commissioners, are vested with the care of the mixed populations to be found between the seventh and thirty-fourth degrees of latitude. The chief of the local Government will send him on to the Commissioner, or prefect of the department, and from this it is a brief step to the official who, under the designation of either Magistrate or Deputy Commissioner, is at once the channel of all information, the source and origin of local works, and the head of the executive police. Our traveller will now have got to the back of the North wind, and will be able to see exactly how the wheels of administration are set in motion all over the Empire. Any magistrate of ordinary intelligence and capacity will have stores of erudition which only require to be tapped; and the visitor will learn in a morning's conversation how the income-tax and its consequences might be avoided, how the affections of the aristocracy are to be conciliated, how the agriculturist is to be raised in the scale of civilization, and how the artisan and the mechanic might be taxed. Almost every civil or military servant engaged in the practical work of the Empire has some pet plan or other for the removal of all financial or social difficulties whatever, which, if only ensured a trial, could never fail of success; and then there is sure to be a new road which is being metalled on improved principles, an old reservoir which is being cleaned out and replenished, a market in which Mahomedan butchers and Hindu vegetarians are to be taught the rudiments of conservancy, and a new manufacture in the gaol which is to combine the discordant elements of extreme productiveness and severe penal discipline. At every step the English inquirer finds something to disturb his serene convictions, to call forth his amazement, or to excite his sympathy. In some points he finds the community, English and native, very considerably behind what he has been rightly taught to consider the test of excellence and success. In others it begins to dawn on him that Oriental administrators have what Rob Roy ascribed to the sub-gaoler Dougal in the prison at Glasgow—"glimmerings o' common sense." Some industrial and social problems in India are not even yet in embryo; others, which in England are the despair of statesmen and public writers, have been already quietly solved or are non-existent. For instance, in a country in which agriculture is the normal occupation of the majority, and where famines and epidemics are not unfrequent, our sightseer discovers that there is no statute corresponding to the Poor-law, no functionary at all resembling a Guardian, and no building that in the least answers the purpose of a Workhouse. In spite of the barriers of caste and the antipathies of rival creeds, the requirements of the poor of all classes are met from private sources, and, except in seasons of extreme scarcity, deaths from neglect and starvation are absolutely

unknown; nor does any necessity exist for the introduction of a Bill to "fuse law and equity," because, from the first, these two branches have never been separated, and it is competent for the poorest suitor as well as for the wealthiest to walk into any civil Court in India, and in the same breath, under one and the same procedure, to ask from the same functionary a decree for either breach of contract or for specific performance. In India the Home Department is rarely if ever called on to set aside the verdict of a jury and the decision of a judge on a trial for murder, for the simple reason that philosophic statesmen and legislators have invested the tribunals themselves with power to sentence murderers to death or to transportation for life, and that the former penalty is adjudged to crimes in which extreme wickedness and deliberate premeditation are proved, while the latter is deemed sufficient for murders which we may term those of the second degree. The inquiring tourist will also learn that officials can be soundly rated for making improper and unnecessary commitments where a verdict is hopeless, or where the community would be scandalized; and that, as civil judges are expected and empowered to regulate the conduct of all trials, great or small, a nonsuit after weeks and months of acrimonious discussion is a luxury to which even Oriental litigants are forbidden to aspire. Then there will be all sorts of discussions which seem to be English questions in an Eastern dress; complications which have sprung up within the last fifty years, as well as prescriptions of much older date than the Heptarchy; controversies as to tenant rights and village shares; where religion ends and where noxious superstition commences; whether the Bible can ever be read or taught in Government institutions, and whether Hindus ought to be permitted to shorten the lives of their grandmothers by exposing them, in cases of illness, on the banks of a muddy and unwholesome river, by way of giving them a passport to Paradise. All these topics will be hotly discussed, with abundant knowledge, real earnestness, and supreme contempt for that spirit of compromise which in England is the aim and goal of so many public men.

Already the Indian tour has been successfully accomplished by members of both Houses of Parliament, and by several other English gentlemen. Last winter the columns of several Indian journals were filled with the details of a controversy between an indignant nobleman and an excited innkeeper as to the proper amount of an hotel bill. At the same period another paper amused its readers with the precipitate flight of an M.P. from a host of native cotton merchants, who pursued him with a petition several yards in length, and who were fully persuaded that such a dignitary had only to speak in order to annihilate the industry of a rival mart. But these inconveniences may well be submitted to for the pleasure and profit which a trip to India yields. Starting in October a man may be back in London at Easter or thereabouts, with a memory stored with many interesting sights and amusing incidents, with large additions to his stock of geography, ethnology, photography, and history, with reminiscences of genial and unselfish hospitality on the part of Anglo-Indians, with a tendency to judge fairly of their merits and defects, and with some capacity for gauging the impediments to social progress and the inherent and growing difficulties in the way of good government in India.

LAW REFORM TWENTY YEARS SINCE.

WE hear a good deal about law reforms to be attempted in the next Session, but there has been of late years so much talk and so little work in this direction, that it is prudent to entertain moderate expectations, even from the newly-awakened energy of Sir George Jessel. It may not, however, be useless to observe what was accomplished in this matter twenty years ago, and we may thus be enabled to pay a just tribute to the memory of that learned and able lawyer whose recent death the legal profession and the public equally deplore.

It must be remembered that the late Mr. Justice Willes thoroughly understood the curious technical system of law which he was employed to adapt to the almost forgotten purpose of administering justice. It is not going too far to say that, before he and his colleagues took this work in hand, a decision on the merits of a case was a rare and happy accident in the courts of Common Law. The proceedings of those courts were tedious and costly, and the time of the judges was occupied by arguments on questions which a layman could hardly understand, and of which he could still less see the pertinency. In all departments of English law the same tendency prevailed to verbal refinement and prolixity. A conveyancer prepared a deed of formidable length, and perhaps a dispute arose as to the meaning of a single clause in it. In order to obtain a decision of a court of law upon this clause, it was frequently necessary to set forth the whole deed in what were called the "pleadings" in the action. The plaintiff made "profer" of the deed in his declaration. The defendant craved "oyer" of the deed by his plea, and thereupon set it out at length. The pleadings were copied in making up the "issue," and again for the "record" of *nisi prius*; so that a long deed would be copied three times over, when perhaps only twenty words of it were material to the question brought to trial. The redundant and tautological modes of expression which characterized all legal pleadings, and the repetition of the same thing in different ways, were in great measure to be ascribed to the rigour with which

pleadings were construed by the courts. It was the pleader's desire to omit nothing, to be strictly precise, and to put everything in so many shapes that some one at least should be found to square with the facts. Another motive which operated in all departments of our law was that the remuneration of practitioners depended upon the length of the deeds, pleadings, and other documents which they prepared. A legal style was thus created, to which all lawyers insensibly conformed, and it would have been considered hardly decent to express the meaning either of the Legislature, the Sovereign, or a private person, on any solemn occasion, in plain and familiar language. The rules of pleading at Common Law were originally founded in good sense, but they had been perverted into instruments of absurdity and injustice. Thus it was required that a pleading should be certain in time, place, quantity, and other matters of description; and this rule was carried out in theoretical perfection, while it was practically evaded. The averments of time, place, quantity, &c., were made under a "videlicet," which gave an appearance of precision to the pleading, while it was held that the averments would be satisfied by proof of any time, place, or quantity, either the same as, or different from, those stated. Thus if a plaintiff sued for wrongfully taking away his household furniture, without stating what sort of articles, or their number, or their value, his declaration would be objectionable on special demurrer; but if he were to insert a description including every sort of article, and stating them to be of any assignable number, and of any value, however extravagant, this, while it made his declaration valid, would in no respect oblige him to prove the number or value alleged. Thus parties were compelled to make allegations which were useless, but the omission of which might be fatal. To take the first example which occurs; a declaration in ejectment commonly stated that John Doe had been dispossessed by Richard Roe of one hundred or some other round number of acres of arable land, one hundred acres of meadow land, one hundred acres of pasture land, and one hundred acres of other land. If the real defendant desired to know what land the real plaintiff claimed, he must obtain particulars under a judge's order.

It is difficult, now that we have become used to a better system, to believe how large a part of the time of the courts was occupied in arguments on "special demurrers," and other matters purely technical. Thus we open at hazard a volume of *Meeson and Welsby's Reports*, and we find a case of "trover for an oak-tree, the property of the plaintiff." The declaration being in "trover" would state that the plaintiff was lawfully possessed, as of his own property, of certain goods and chattels—to wit, an oak-tree, &c.—and casually lost the same, and the defendant found it, and refused to give it up, and converted it to his own use. The plea stated that the defendant was seised in fee of a close of land, and, being so seised, he cut down an oak-tree, being the oak-tree in the declaration mentioned, and delivered it to Richard Roe, to be kept for his use, and Richard Roe delivered it to the plaintiff, whereupon the defendant took it out of the possession of the plaintiff, as he lawfully might, which was the "conversion" in the declaration mentioned. There was a special demurrer to this plea, and the Court of Exchequer held, after argument, that the plea was good. It should be observed, in the first place, that the allegation of "losing and finding" in the declaration was one of those fictions in which our lawyers so much delighted. Until the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852 was passed on the Report of the Commissioners, it was necessary to allege that the plaintiff "casually lost" his oak-tree, and the defendant found it, as if the plaintiff had dropped it out of his pocket, and the defendant picked it up; and this allegation the defendant was not permitted to deny. The gist of the action was the "conversion" of the oak-tree, and the real question seems to have been as to the property in the land on which it grew. The plea is an example of what is called "giving colour," and it was argued for the plaintiff that the defendant was merely struggling to obtain the affirmative of the issue at the trial, and that he ought not to be allowed to lengthen the pleadings for this purpose by the insertion of "mere matter of fact." If, says the learned editor of the Report, the plaintiff had declared in trespass *quare clausum fregit*, he would have directly raised the real point in dispute. The defendant must have denied the plaintiff's possession of the close of land, and the affirmative of the issue would have been on the plaintiff, who would have thus obtained the opening and the reply. The plaintiff, however, thought proper to declare in "trover," and thereupon the defendant answers, in effect, that the land and the tree which grew on it was his; and if the plaintiff denied this, the affirmative of the issue would be on the defendant, and thus he would get the first and the last word with the jury. But if the defendant merely said, without more, that the land and the tree on it was his, the plea would be bad, upon the ground that it was an argumentative and indirect denial of the statement that the tree was in the possession of the plaintiff. It was a rule of law that pleadings must not be argumentative. But if the defendant were to state and show that he had a good title, and admit the plaintiff's possession in fact, but surmise that the plaintiff was in possession by some bad title, the plea would be good, because, as the Common Law Commissioners explain, "it would give colour to the plaintiff's alleged possession." The surmise might be entirely false, but the plaintiff could not deny it; as, if he did, he would be met by the answer that it was immaterial whether or not that was the title on which he relied, for if the defendant had the title alleged, it did not signify whether the plaintiff's pretended title was correctly stated or not. Hence, in

those cases in which express colour was allowed to be given, the colour could not be traversed. If the plaintiff in the case before us had taken issue upon the delivery of the oak-tree to Richard Roe, he would have been told that, by the introduction of the name of that imaginary personage, he had notice that the allegation was a mere fiction, which ought not to be traversed. "We think," said the Commissioners, "that this proceeding of giving colour, however ingenious, is too subtle, and ought to be abolished, and we recommend its abolition accordingly." It was abolished by the Act of 1852, but up to that time it was frequently adopted; and thus the fictitious declaration in "trover" was met by a fictitious plea. The argument of such a question resembles a curious intellectual pastime rather than the serious business of highly-paid servants of the public. The time wasted in the discussion was not the only mischief that it caused. This case, and many others like it, fill a large part of volumes of Reports which cannot be destroyed, because they contain other cases which are still valuable. The value of a case upon "express colour" is now purely antiquarian. This was perhaps one of the most remarkable of the technicalities in which our lawyers so much delighted; but a similar growth of verbal legal subtleties overspread the entire fabric of procedure. In order to send a cause to trial at the assizes, two writs were directed to the sheriff. By the first writ, called a "venire," the sheriff was commanded to cause a jury to come to Westminster. The second writ, called a "distringas," supposed the jurors to have disobeyed the first writ, and commanded the sheriff to distrain their goods, so as to compel them to come to Westminster on a certain day, unless before that day the judge of assize should come to the place where the cause was intended to be tried, as in practice he always did. The words of this writ *nisi prius* gave the name to the ordinary sittings for trying causes. The fiction maintained by these writs was not only useless, but pernicious, for an irregularity in returning them might deprive a plaintiff of the benefit of his verdict. All that was really necessary was that the sheriff should take care to have in attendance at the assizes a number of jurymen sufficient for the trial of the causes likely to be entered.

Our practice in Law and Equity is still capable of great improvements, some of which may perhaps be attempted now that the Solicitor-General has admitted that we have not attained perfection. But it is difficult to believe that twenty years ago Mr. Willea and his learned and able colleagues were only beginning to see any practical result from the labours of their Commission. One of the greatest of their reforms was the extensive power of amending what are called "variances," which they conferred upon the judges. Formerly almost any variance between the statement of the case and the proof of it was fatal, and in order to obviate this danger it was usual to frame different "counts" of the declaration, in which the complaint was stated with every conceivable variation in its circumstances. The pleas would be framed on the same principle, and there would be a distinct set of pleas to each count of the declaration, so that there might be five or six counts and twenty or thirty pleas. At the same time pleadings in Chancery ran to even greater length; but then they had the merit of telling, although in a roundabout way, something that was useful for the other side to know, whereas pleadings at Common Law usually told nothing. It may be hoped that, if any serious attempt is now made at law reform, the Government will employ men, if they can find any, like the late Mr. Justice Willes and his colleagues of the Common Law Commission. They understood by practical experience the working of the system which they remodelled. Unless men of this stamp can be found to undertake law reform, it had better be let alone; for it is quite possible that the remedy may be worse than the disease.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE AND THE DAILY NEWS ON SWISS MATTERS.

THE remarks which we made last week on the amusing way in which the myth of William Tell and the dealings of the State Council of the Canton of Geneva with Bishop Mermillod were spoken of in two of the daily papers have called forth some comment in both the papers concerned. We thought for a moment that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was the more discreet of the two, and that we should not have a word to say against it. On Saturday it had the sense to see that it had been wrong, and did, what from one point of view is the best thing to do in such case—it made its escape under cover of a cloud of chaff. But on Tuesday it thought better of its own wisdom, and came back to the charge in an Occasional Note, which began thus:—

The *Saturday Review* will find itself alone in regarding the dispute to which the appointment of Monsignor Mermillod to the bishopric of Geneva has given rise as purely a local or cantonal matter. No step was taken by the Genevese authorities without the concurrence of the Federal Council. Both of them declined to recognize the appointment made by the Roman Curia. Monsignor Mermillod was informed on the part of both that he would not be recognized even as pastor or curé of Geneva—his legally acknowledged office—so long as he put forward claims to exercise episcopal functions. The conflict, therefore, is between Church and State in Switzerland, and not merely between Monsignor Mermillod and the authorities of the Canton of Geneva. From the first the real point of the controversy was whether the Roman Curia was entitled to alter the relations between Church and State on its own motion without the knowledge and consent of the Sovereign Power in Switzerland.

We should really like to know in what number of the *Saturday*

Review there is anything about the Mermillod business being a purely local or cantonal matter, or what there is to show that we had any doubt about the acts of the Genevese Council of State having the approval of the Federal Council. That they had that approval was known to us, as to everybody else, from the time that the first telegram on the matter appeared. Nor did we need to be told that, though in a legal and technical sense the controversy is purely local and cantonal, yet practically it is only part of a much larger question which affects not only Switzerland, but many other countries as well. But we were not called on to enlarge on these points when, in an incidental notice at the end of an article on another though a kindred subject, we stopped to point out the grotesque confusions of expression into which both the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* had fallen. And in this last Occasional Note, which is meant to put us to utter shame, we only find our case further strengthened. The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of some person or persons which it thinks good to call "the Sovereign Power in Switzerland." We guess, but only guess, that this means the Federal Council. But a writer who takes upon himself to lecture other people on Swiss politics ought to have learned that neither in the Confederation nor in any particular Canton is any "Sovereign Power" acknowledged anywhere except in the people. Any one who has read anything of Swiss political writing must have remarked how constantly the word "sovereign" is used in this sense, and how strange it would sound to any Swiss citizen to hear either the executive or the legislative power, whether of the Confederation or of any particular Canton, spoken of as sovereign. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* is at least consistent in its way of speaking. If on Tuesday it provided Switzerland with a Sovereign Power, on Wednesday it found out that "France is no longer a strong fighting Power, but an enfeebled, almost tributary, kingdom." We asked before whether these things did not imply an incapacity to understand the nature of a Federal Constitution; we now ask whether they do not imply an incapacity to understand a Republican institution of any kind.

But we have more to say about the *Daily News*. After reading us a lesson on "good manners" for which we might be grateful if we could only perceive its relevancy, the *Daily News* goes on to quote the last paragraph of our article, and then adds:—

So far as the *Daily News* is concerned, this statement is a pure invention, without a syllable of pretext or a shadow of excuse. The extracts with which the *Saturday Reviewer* chooses to associate us seem to have been taken from an "Occasional Note" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the 23rd of September. What we really said, and so far as we recollect all that we have said, on the matter, is contained in the two following passages.

Then follow two passages from the *Daily News* of September 28 and October 3, against neither of which have we anything to say. Next comes a paragraph in defence of these passages, which is quite off the point, as no defence of them was needed. The *Daily News* however thinks proper to speak of "the fact known to everybody, except perhaps the *Saturday Reviewer*, that the Genevese controversy is not confined to Geneva." Angry people are sometimes forgetful, so we will only ask the *Daily News*, if its office contains a file of the *Saturday Review*, to look back to the series of articles on the proposed *Bundesrevision* which we published early in the present year, and it might perhaps find out that we do know a little about Swiss ecclesiastical politics, even in other Cantons besides Geneva. The *Daily News* then asks, in a grand way, "Does the *Saturday Reviewer* need to be informed that the Federal Council of Bern is the Executive Government of the entire Swiss Confederation?" We have taken a good deal of pains at one time and another to make people understand the nature of the Swiss Federal Constitution, but it seems that, as far as the *Daily News* is concerned, we have worked to very little profit. The *Daily News* clearly needs to be informed that there is no such thing as a "Federal Council of Bern" any more than there is a Parliament of Westminster. The Federal Council, like the other Councils of the Confederation, sits at Bern, but it is no more a "Council of Bern" than it is a Council of Geneva. The expressions used by the *Daily News* do not apply to the state of things since 1848, though they would apply to the state of things from 1815 to that year, when the Government of the Canton of Bern really was, for one year in three, "the Executive Government"—so far as there could be said to be any Executive Government at all—"of the entire Swiss Confederation." Lastly, we have the following paragraph:—

We have to apologise to our readers for troubling them with these details. It is our habit to profit by the criticisms of our contemporaries when they are just, and to leave them to the fair judgment of the public when we think them unjust, without raising upon them petty altercations, which do no honour to journalism. But it is not possible to pass, without exposure, the tissue of fabrications to which the *Saturday Review* has been betrayed into lending itself.

So here we are, charged with "pure invention without a syllable of pretext or a shadow of excuse." This is very frightful, though we do not exactly know why pretexts should be made up of syllables and excuses of shadows. The charge in the last paragraph would be more frightful still, only it seems that the *Daily News* cherishes the charitable hope that we have been "betrayed" by some designing person into "lending ourselves to the tissue of fabrications" which we are charged with putting forth. "Tissue" we take to be a metaphor; "fabrication" is a big word and sounds almost as grand as "confiscation" in the mouth of Mr. Disraeli. Byron somewhere makes merry over one of his critics who talked about "the forgery of a groundless fiction." We fancy that "the forgery of a groundless fiction" and "a tissue of fabri-

cations" both mean much the same thing. That is to say, both phrases are kitchen Latin—we are quoting Martin Luther—or pedlar's French for what in English is called a lie. Charged therefore with lying, we appeal to the facts, and to the facts only. The two passages which the *Daily News* quotes from its numbers of September 28th and October the 3rd do not "contain all that it has said on the matter," nor was it either of those passages which we had in our mind when we wrote what we did. In the *Daily News* of September 23, as in other papers of the same date, the following telegram appeared:—

CHURCH AND STATE IN SWITZERLAND.

Geneva, Sept. 21.

The Council of State has adopted rigorous measures against the curé Mermillod. The *Journal de Genève* contains two decrees, dated yesterday, the first removing M. Mermillod from his bishopric (in *partibus infidelium*) of Hebron, and the second forbidding him to exercise his episcopal functions anywhere within the Swiss territory, and warning the curés of the Canton to conform to these decrees, which have been caused by the episcopal attitude adopted by Mermillod, which was contrary both to the laws and the Constitution, and also his declaration that, holding his episcopal authority from the Pope, he would continue to perform the functions of a bishop and would resist the Council of State. Previous to the issue of these decrees, the Government had already asked and obtained the advice and consent of the Federal Council of Bern. Great excitement prevails here, but the feeling is generally in favour of the Government.

The *Daily News* is of course not answerable for the wording of the telegram, though it is evidently from the telegram that it learnt its inaccurate expression about "the Federal Council of Bern." But, had the *Daily News* been more familiar with Swiss matters, we might have expected something like an expression of surprise at so strange a statement as that the Council of State of one Canton had forbidden a man to do anything—whether to act as a Bishop or to do anything else—"anywhere within the Swiss territory"; nor would it have been very wonderful if it had asked what the process was by which M. Mermillod was removed from his imaginary bishopric of Hebron. But what the *Daily News* really did was to comment on the matter the same day, September 23, in the summary of news just before the leading articles, in the words which follow:—

Some rigorous measures have been taken against the Bishop of Hebron by the Swiss Council of State. It has removed him from his bishopric, and forbidden him to exercise episcopal functions anywhere within Swiss territory. The grounds alleged are that he has acted in opposition to the laws and the constitution, and declared that, as he held authority from the Pope, he should continue to perform the functions of a bishop, and refuse to obey the Council of State. Great excitement prevails in Geneva, but the feeling is said to be generally in favour of the Government.

If we were very spiteful, we might say something of the remarkable way in which the *Daily News* seems to take the Bishop of Hebron for granted, as if Bishops taking their titles from sees in Palestine were a class of people whom we meet every day. Or is it possible that the *Daily News* leaped to the conclusion that, as Switzerland undoubtedly contains a diocese of Sion, it was not unlikely that it might also contain a diocese of Hebron? But we ask any one whether the passage which we have quoted does not bear out all that we said in the last paragraph of our former article so far as it concerned the *Daily News*—for the reference to "the Swiss Constitution" referred not to the *Daily News* but to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the same day. If we chose to follow the example of the *Daily News*, we might use some big words back again. We might hint that *suppressio veri*, whether it comes or not under the heads of "invention" and "fabrication," has always been held to be pretty nearly as bad as *suggestio falsi*. But we are always inclined to the judgment of charity, and the *Daily News* itself helps us to the means of letting it off easily. The *Daily News* only ventures to say that, "as far as it recollects, all that it has said on the matter is contained" in the two passages which it quoted. All then that we have to say is that we feel deeply thankful that our recollection is better than that of the *Daily News*.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

WE have read with some surprise a report of a recent prosecution under the Licensing Act. The keeper of a refreshment-house in Leicester Square was summoned for selling intoxicating liquor without a licence, and was convicted. There was a further summons against the defendant for allowing liquor to be consumed on the premises during hours at which the premises, if they were licensed for the sale of liquor, would be closed by law. As a conviction was obtained on the first summons, the second summons was not proceeded with; but it may usefully serve to direct attention to the comprehensive language of the enactment under which it was issued. The defendant in this case was a woman, and she appeared, as the Licensing Act allows, to give evidence on her own behalf. She stated that her custom was to have a quartern of brandy fetched in every night for herself, and to drink it after her customers had departed. This story was told in order to account for the existence upon her premises of brandy, which was supplied to a policeman in plain clothes. Whether the story was true or false is for our present purpose immaterial. It is enough to contemplate, as we may, the possibility of a woman keeping a refreshment-house in Leicester Square or elsewhere, doing an active business during the hours which immediately precede midnight, and feeling what elderly ladies sometimes call "a sinking" as the time for closing her house draws near. She postpones her own supper until this time arrives, and she likes to drink a pint of beer with her supper and a glass of hot brandy and

water after it. She has supplied herself with her regular allowance of beer and brandy from the nearest public-house, and she is proceeding to take a comfortable supper when a policeman who happens to be on the premises in plain clothes suggests to her that she is about to contravene the new Act. The words of that Act appear on reference to include her case. No intoxicating liquor shall be consumed upon premises licensed as a refreshment-house during the hours during which the same premises would, if they were licensed premises, be closed by law for the sale of intoxicating liquor; and if any person licensed to keep such refreshment-house allows any intoxicating liquor to be consumed on the premises in contravention of this section, he shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 10*l*. The first part of the section prohibits all consumption, and therefore any consumption, even by the keeper of the house, would be a contravention of the Act, and therefore an indictable offence. But the second part of the section imposes a penalty only on the keeper of the house who "allows" consumption, and this perhaps would not be applicable to consumption by the keeper personally. But even if this be so, the penalty would apply wherever the keeper of the house allows a cook or waiter to consume intoxicating liquor, or, in other words, to drink a pint of beer with supper after midnight. The tendency of legislation appears to be to send everybody to bed at twelve o'clock, and perhaps this is a wholesome tendency; but unfortunately the habits of legislators and other dwellers in London would render such legislation highly inconvenient.

It may be urged that unless the prohibitory sections of the Act are expressed in general terms it would be impossible to obtain convictions under them, and we might be disposed to allow considerable latitude of language if the Act were to be administered only by trained lawyers who would take the judges of the Superior Courts for their model. But this Act will be administered by magistrates liable to be influenced by prohibitionists and other fanatics, and therefore the operation of its provisions ought to be carefully watched with a view, if necessary, to their amendment. There is another enactment of remarkable stringency in which the word "allow," on which we have above commented, occurs, and under this enactment an incautious publican might easily incur a penalty. It might naturally occur to a publican who had not studied the Act carefully that, as he must close his house between 3 and 6 P.M. on Sunday, these hours, or some of them, might conveniently be occupied with the dinner of himself and family. He might further be disposed to invite a friend to partake of dinner and to share a social glass with him afterwards. But if he did this he would clearly incur a penalty under the Act. Any person who, during the time that his premises are directed to be closed, allows any intoxicating liquor to be consumed on such premises, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding 10*l*. Even if these words are not applicable to the publican himself, they are undoubtedly applicable to the publican's wife and children and friends. A sensible magistrate would, if a case of drinking at a family dinner were brought before him, inflict the lowest penalty which the law allows, and soundly rate the informer, but unfortunately all magistrates are not sensible. We have taken the case of a Sunday's dinner, but exactly the same argument applies to a week-day's supper. The publican, with the rest of us, likes to look forward to a little enjoyment when his work is done. He perhaps thinks that the notion of "taking mine ease in mine inn" is not wholly inapplicable to the innkeeper. He and his wife have been busy drawing beer for customers, and when his house is closed they would like to draw a little for themselves. But this the new Act forbids. There may easily be a wide difference between a law and its administration. The good sense of magistrates will doubtless largely mitigate the harshness and absurdity of hasty legislation. We believe that magistrates sometimes venture in remote places to make a law where none exists, and perhaps they may be tempted to repeal a law which ought not to have been made. But, if the publicans are left in possession of a reasonable grievance, members of Parliament are likely to have a warm time at the next election.

There is another point of view in which the report to which we have referred is unsatisfactory. There must necessarily be some system of inspection of public-houses, and this duty must be performed either by the ordinary police or by officers specially appointed for the purpose. As regards open visitation, and the enforcement of good order and regular closing, there can be no objection to employing the police. But, if spies are necessary, which we greatly doubt, we would much prefer that they should not be selected from the police. The magistrate who heard the case stated that he would not convict on the testimony of one policeman, but on the testimony of two policemen he did convict. It is obvious to remark that if one policeman would be likely to commit perjury to obtain a conviction against what is called a night-house, another policeman would be equally likely to do the same. We know on high authority that the lieutenant is to be saved before the ensign, and a mere private in the "force" would not always have the audacity to think that that which was right for his sergeant could be wrong for him. A superintendent might reasonably ask for what purpose a simple policeman supposed he was employed, unless it was to support his sergeant. According to the evidence the sergeant goes to this refreshment-house shortly before midnight, and asks for a cup of coffee. The "barmaid" asks him to treat her, and he inquires what she will take. She chooses coffee and brandy, which mixture is thereupon produced. Then the "landlady" and another "barmaid" appear upon the scene, and there

is more treating with coffee and brandy, and also with champagne or "fizz." "While sitting on the sofa with the girl," the waiter brought in a bottle of champagne, which the girl put under her dress, and then under the sofa, remarking that very likely Inspector Browning would come in presently to look after them. We cannot help thinking that the inspection of this officer might suffice to prevent the establishment of anything deserving to be called a night-house. The sergeant who sat on the sofa with the girl stated on cross-examination that he was married, and we can only hope that his wife was satisfied that all that he did was at the call of duty. Next night he went to the same house, accompanied by a constable, and talking with him a sovereign derived from some unexplained source, to be expended in treating the young ladies of the establishment to "fizz." We must suppose that the sergeant sat on one sofa with a girl, and that the constable sat on another sofa with another girl, until they had drunk all the "fizz" and completed the evidence in the case. If any impatient householder were to inquire where are the police, this report perhaps might go some way towards an answer. There is a saying that new brooms sweep clean, and certainly the police are using the Licensing Act to make a vigorous purgation. We hope that while in the strict performance of duty they are sitting upon sofas with girls and drinking "fizz," garotters and burglars may not improve the occasion thus presented. Perhaps a little less zeal might be convenient, and we would recommend policemen to consider whether, if they are not careful, they themselves, along with almost everybody else, may not become involved in the network of the provisions of this Act. If during any period during which any premises are required to be closed any person is found on such premises, he shall, unless he satisfies the Court that he was an inmate, servant, lodger, or *bona fide* traveller, or that otherwise his presence was not in contravention of the Act, be liable to a penalty not exceeding 40*s*. Now when the worthy sergeant sat on the sofa drinking "fizz" with the girl, his presence clearly was "in contravention of the Act" because he came to the house for the express purpose of being served with liquor which could not be lawfully supplied. If the police authorities instruct their men to incite to the commission of a crime in order to obtain a conviction of the criminal, they do an act of very questionable morality. There is perhaps a difference between inciting and merely affording opportunity; but, as a rule, the conduct of policemen should keep on the safe side, by giving no plausible occasion to reproach. As regards this spying system, the magistrate before whom the case was brought admits that it has a tendency to produce perjury, and this admission ought to be sufficient to condemn it. We incline to think that it is a good thing to shut up the public-houses and send people to bed, but this advantage may be bought too dearly.

FISH-PONDS AND POND FISH.

IF the recent discussion of this topic in the columns of the *Times* should fail of its primary object, the supply of a cheap and popular substitute for butcher's meat, and of its secondary object, the discovery of a market for the "produce of large ponds swarming with carp, tench, roach, dace, and eels," it will still not have been labour lost if it recalls to the proprietors of lakes and ponds the conditions under which these pieces of ornamental water may be so stocked as to interest not only the juvenile "piscator" but the mature piscicultor or ichthyologist. That the gastronomist will ever in this country revert to fresh-water fish as a table delicacy, or accept the belief that a perch is almost as delicate as a mullet, is a dream not likely to be realized, at any rate until our cooks have arrived at the skill of a Dubois or a Gouffé in serving a *matelote à la parisienne*, wherein slices of trout, eel, perch, carp, and smaller fish are piled up in a shape, garnished with "poached quenelles, button mushrooms, round truffles, and crusts of bread fried in butter and masked with *soubise puree*." They do these things better on the Continent; but even there, according to the testimony of one of the above-named artists, epicures do not consider the carp "a distinguished fish," but "the fish of opportunity rather than of luxury"; and what is true of the carp may be said of most of his compeers in fresh water, salmon and trout excepted. Nevertheless there is no reason why pond fish should be despised or ignored as an article of diet when they are near at hand, any more than why the supply of them should not be improved and enhanced in value by a recurrence to the care and pains which in the England of the olden time sufficed to make "Pik in Latimer Sauce; carpe in foile; and perche in jelyote depte," foremost delicacies at a Royal feast at Whitehall. Mr. Frank Buckland has broached the subject, and endeavoured to stir up the country gentlemen of the period to a little more interest in the management and economy of their fish-ponds than they have shown since railroads have made them independent of fresh-water fish for the first course at their dinner parties.

The great mistake has been the over-stocking of ponds. The fecundity of fish being almost fabulously great, the food supply in a limited space of water easily becomes reduced to a minimum, and the result is a dwindled, starveling race, like the two hundred carp out of a small pond which one of the letter-writers in the *Times* describes as "bull-headed and with very small bodies"—a sure sign of over-stocking. It is no use to tell us that perch of a pound and a half weight are excellent in water-soupy, or in broiled fitches, or as "perch-pie"—which last is

a new dish to us—if the finny multitude of our ponds consists of shoals of this gregarious and prolific fish, which is of all others the most predatory, and in stagnant water seldom arrives at any noteworthy size or weight. They may furnish amusement to the juvenile angler, but they can only be a tribulation to the cook who has to fry them for the breakfast-table, and a vexation to the palate of those who eat them for politeness' sake. There would, however, be no likelihood of so puny a tribe getting possession of our ponds if precautions were taken for maintaining the balance of power, the proper sanitary condition, and the due regulation of the food supplies for each of these water republics. It is a great mistake, we are convinced, to let the pike and jack disappear from a pool. Mr. Colquhoun long ago advocated the retention of them for the express purpose of thinning the fish and devouring the small fry, so as to leave more food to the larger and more promising; and a case is cited by him of the trout in Loch Katrine, which from being miserably small were improved in size and condition by the introduction of the pike. The Dutch pisciculturist Boccius recommended "two hundred brood carp, twenty brood tench, and twenty jack, all of one season's spawn, to every acre of water"—the jack as a *sine quid non* "to check undue increase, whereby deficiency of food would create a famine and impoverish all." Perhaps there may be reason for setting apart a special pond, with a brook running through it, and a certainty of a current or spring of fresh water, for the trout; otherwise there is no reason why to eels, perch, pike, and tench we might not add the innocuous carp in the same pond; for the carp is a vegetarian and herbivorous, the pike will not prey upon the tench, and the eel and perch can take care of themselves. There is no gain, and there may be loss, in having your fish-pond given up to one or two sorts of fish to the exclusion of others. One of Mr. Frank Buckland's main points is the drawing of the pond thrice a year; and undoubtedly it is important, whatever pond owners may think of the trouble, to have periodical cleanings of the mud and vegetable manure which lines the unmolested pond bottom, imparting its pungent and offensive flavour to the fish that come in contact with it. Mr. Buckland is, we observe, fully alive to the expense and waste of the contractors' mode of pond-cleaning. They carry off about eighty per cent. of water in liquid mud at so much per ton, and charge heavily for the job. In lieu of this he would "let the pond run dry, transport the fish elsewhere, and sow potatoes, rye grass, or oats in the mud." "When the crop is reaped," he adds, "take out the soil—not mud, but almost solid earth, useful for manure—turn on the water, and re-stock with fish, which will thrive amazingly on the new ground." This plan, he tells us, was broached first by an Austrian bishop—"Dubiavus de Piscinis" is the name of the bishop and his book—and he enhances the value of the discovery by telling us that he knows but two copies of the work, in black letter. We are happy to be able to inform our readers that they will find all that need be known about this plan—though not in black letter—in Daniel's *Rural Sports*, vol. ii., p. 559; if indeed it is worth knowing, which is rendered doubtful by the statement of a writer to the *Times*, who says that this mode of land and water farming, which still lingers in the arrondissement of Trevoux, in France, is dying out, and that the first discouragement given to it was a Government order against it, because of its extreme unhealthiness. Probably a single mudding of a fish-pond per annum, without resort to the vegetable cropping of the drege, will be as much as can be expected in our days. A more essential bit of advice to pond owners is to feed the fish well and regularly; and to this end Mr. Buckland recommends hanging up a bunch of rats, a rabbit or two, or a horse's leg upon the adjacent trees, to breed "gentles" from flies, so that, dropping into the water, they may fatten the fish. Lob-worms too he would have systematically collected, and placed where the fish may be sure to find them, always in the same spot. Scarcely less important is it that the fish-pond should have a current passing through it, though it be ever so slight, to promote the comfort of the fish in summer heat, and to secure them from wholesale destruction in winter frosts, besides purifying and sweetening the water. It is sometimes said that an island or two in a pool is desirable for the shelter of the fish; but this is secondary to a fair supply of pond weeds and subaqueous plants; and as a check to the undue overgrowth of this shelter for the spawning fish, a couple of swans will be found most valuable.

Of pond fish generally, the pike, carp, tench, and perch are those most valued, if we except the trout and the eel, which seem to belong to a different category, and to be as much or more at home in the river or the estuary. Perhaps the perch is the most independent, in virtue of the strong spines of his dorsal fin which enable him to hold his own with the pike. This is not true, however, of the small perch, as has been proved by the fact that trimmers baited with these are swallowed without compunction by the pike and jack. It is a happy arrangement in nature that a fish which itself lives on smaller fishes, and is capable of doing a large amount of mischief, should itself be thinned in its early growth by the ravages of pike, and eels, and ducks. In a brook-fed pond, however, or a stream with a clear bottom and a grassy margin, a duly thinned number will increase to an average of one and a half pounds, and the exceptional weight of three or four pounds. With the well attested perch of the Serpentine, which weigh nine pounds, and the crook-tailed perch of Sweden and of Llyn Raithlllyn in Merionethshire, as well as the perch with but one eye at Malham, near Settle in Yorkshire, our readers may make acquaintance in the pages of Blaine and Daniel. Gastronomically the perch is

superior to other pond fish in its freedom from taste of weeds and feculence; and the comparative wholesomeness of its flesh, when large enough to be worth eating, is due no doubt to the fresh and clear water which has been required to bring it to such a size. Unlike the perch in the estimation of the Romans—who (as represented by Ausonius) ranked that fish with the mullet, whereas they reckoned the genus of which we are about to speak "the repast of the *canaille*" (vulgi solatia)—the tench resembles the perch in a curious immunity from the voracious assaults of the pike. Dr. Badham, in his "fish-tattle," attributes the pike's negative rather than positive friendship for these fish to "the slime of the one and the spines of the other," and as regards the tench it is a curious fact that the pike and other large fish of prey agree in letting it go unmolested. According to an old belief the tench, hence called the "doctor-fish," has a sanative property proceeding from its cutaneous secretions, which it brings to bear on the sick or wounded pond fish, by rubbing against them. "The pike," says Isaac Walton, "will not play the wolf to his physician, be he never so hungry"; and a piscatory poet writes:—

The tench he spares;
For when by wounds distressed or sore disease
He courts the salutary fish for ease,
Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
And sweats the healing balsam from his sides.

It is, to say the least, unpoetical in Daniel to attribute the pike's forbearance to the fact of the tench keeping so near the muddy bottom as to be out of its way; and it is against his theory that in this mud lurks another not less predatory and voracious creature, the eel, which might make a meal of him if uninfluenced by feelings of gratitude. Mr. Salter, an experienced authority quoted by Blaine, declines to theorize on the "reason why," but states as a fact that he has never taken a tench at all mutilated like other fish, and that, whilst he has laid trimmers baited with roach, dace, bleak, and tench for eels and jack, he has never found the tench disturbed, whereas the other baits have been eagerly swallowed. Thus favoured, the tench is a suitable fish for stocking ponds, and though there are very conflicting opinions as to its table qualities, it is probable that, when properly fed and preserved, it may deserve higher esteem than it commonly attains. Fonder of ponds than of rivers, and of pits than either, as old Isaac styles it, it is very variable in colour, and the clearest-coloured are not necessarily the best. To give it a fair chance of favour at table, it ought to be transferred to a tank or stew for a while before cooking. In the rich dressing which Dr. Badham recommends from his Italian experience, the tench may possibly be a delicacy; though we confess that our experience suggests reminiscences of mud and rotten leaves.

Yet fonder of mud is the carp, which, according to Daniel, though candour bids us add that tastes differ, should be taken from one of the muddiest pools, and plain boiled for the table without any wine-sauces or garnishing. Yarrell holds that carp owe to the cook whatever estimation they enjoy as a table fish. But, the table apart, we should be sorry to see the carp expelled from pond waters, because the "water-fox," as Walton dubbed him for his cunning wariness of the hook—which, however, later pisciculturists ascribe to sluggishness of disposition and herbeaceous tastes—is a fish to watch and take an interest in, and to know again when you see him floating in some shady creek, with a bruise on his skin of olive brown and gold which is an instant credential of old acquaintance. It is so nearly domesticated that more is known of its ways than of those of other fishes. Its fecundity is excessive and increases with years; and its years, if we may credit the account of the seventy-year-old carp in Emmanuel College Garden pond (Buffon tells of another twice as old at Pontchartrain), extend at least to a couple of generations. It has been caught, according to some accounts, weighing as much as 20 lbs., and measuring 30 inches in length. Another of its recommendations is its addition to vegetable food, though we fear it is too true that, if it finds itself in an over-stocked pond, it will develop into a cannibal. Given the chance, it will feed to surfeiting on salad leaves and salad seeds, and the angler can find no surer bait. We observe that one of the *Times*' letter-writers asks if it is generally known that carp and tench will live twenty-four hours out of water, if properly packed. The weight of authority is in favour of an even greater tenacity of life. Wrapt in wet moss, and fed on bread and milk, the carp is said to live in Holland a month or more out of water, and to be the fatter and better (eating) for it. Perch will travel sixty miles in dry straw; and with proper carriage—i.e. moist moss, and, according to Badham, the *solatium* of a mouthful of bread steeped in brandy—carp may be transported any distance. The plan of moving fish alive in water-barrels is bad, as they are apt to bruise themselves against the sides in transit.

The last pond fish which we can find room to notice is the "shark of fresh water," named in its youth the jack, and, when it is over a foot or two in length, the pike. One reads the character of this tyrant of the pond in his depressed and elongated head, his wide gape, and the teeth of his lower jaw. With extraordinary powers of growth—a rate of 4 lbs. a year, it is said, for seven years—it attains in England the weight of from 28 to 34 lbs. Its longevity, if we may credit Gesner, is as remarkable as the carp's. But its speciality is its voracity. To be even with its demands for maintenance is almost as serious a matter as keeping a white elephant. Jesse has a story of eight pike, of 5 lbs. each, finishing the best part of eight hundred gudgeons in three weeks; and in default of supplies they will help themselves to moor-hens,

ducks, and small animals. But his omnivorousness is apt to bring the pike into trouble. Until he has learned wisdom by experience, he is apt to find an awkward bone in his throat after snapping up a perch; and Dr. Badham tells us that many a promising young jack is cut off in *cunabulis* by a choking disease, which he terms from its cause "Sticklebackitis." Perhaps it is as well these accidents should happen, and that after twelve years the pike should diminish in size and in capabilities of assimilating his food; but under certain checks he is a wholesome infliction upon an otherwise redundant population, and a necessity for the equalization of supply and demand. As to his table properties, the march of improvement in taste has degraded him from his former eminence, though we quite admit that in season and condition, and with good cooking, he is not so despicable as to deserve relegating to the cat instead of the cook. It may be doubted whether in this country we have as yet given pond fish a fair trial, or have expended adequate culinary skill in their preparation for the table; but even if there is nothing further to be hoped in this direction, we should still be sorry to see them altogether neglected as denizens of pond and lake, as this would take away one of the objects of interest in rural life from the angler, the naturalist, and the country gentleman.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.

Few cities can boast of finer public buildings or nobler institutions than Dublin. The capital of Ireland has been fortunate in her architecture. Trinity College, the Parliament House, the Post Office, the four Law Courts, the Royal Dublin Society, the Museum, and the National Gallery, not to mention the more ancient Castle and the Cathedral of St. Patrick, give to the streets and squares a pomp and circumstance congenial to a people proud of the past and ambitious of the future. Even many of the private houses present a somewhat palatial aspect both in dimensions and in quality of material. The style which seems to have been in favour till within the last few years may be supposed to be cognate with Irish genius, with the florid, high-sounding oratory of the period; indeed, among national portraits we find Flood and Grattan holding forth in the presence of large lofty columns and spacious halls. The Italianized Classic which prevailed is grandiose; it is ambitious of porticos and cupolas, rises high into the sky, and covers a large area of ground. But within comparatively recent days this Italianized Classic has given way to Italianized Saracenic or Italianized Gothic; styles in England often eccentric and extravagant, but treated by the late Mr. Woodward of Dublin with singular simplicity, symmetry, and beauty. If we were asked to name a structure which should embody the teachings of Mr. Ruskin without their contraries, which should exemplify the high and true principles enunciated in *The Stones of Venice* without puerility or enormity, we should point to the new building in Trinity College designed by this gifted architect. Irish stones, granites, and marbles are here combined with a structural fitness and a chromatic harmony familiar to students of the more early and strict of Venetian palaces. The Irish family of stone carvers, the O'Sheas, employed by Mr. Woodward in the Oxford Museum, and trained in the class established and taught by Mr. Ruskin at the Working Men's College, London, executed in Trinity College, Dublin, surface ornament and floral decoration with their accustomed fidelity to nature and love for art. In short, nowhere do we find a more favourable exposition of Mr. Ruskin's much-contested doctrines than in the capital of Ireland. And among the buildings of what may be termed the new school in architecture, the edifice raised for the pictures of the National Gallery holds an honourable position. The architect, strange to say, was the late Captain Fowke, who, from his doings at South Kensington, could scarcely have been expected to produce an edifice so pure and unpretentious as this National Gallery of Ireland. The Gallery and its companion the Museum, on either side of the garden known as "Leinster Lawn," backed by the former residence of the Duke of Leinster, now the abode of the Royal Dublin Society, form together one of those pleasing architectural compositions for which, as we have said, Dublin is renowned. Yet in Leinster Lawn, in presence of this united science and art, an attempt was made the other day to blow up a statue of the Prince Consort. Such are the contradictions of barbarism and civilization, of ignorance and knowledge, which the traveller still encounters. But of hopeful omens for the future few are more favourable than the enlightened zeal and national spirit shown in the cause of public institutions and museums, among which the permanent collection of pictures is one of the most recent and promising.

The origin of the National Gallery of Ireland does credit to the people concerned. It appears that "the interest excited by the collection of paintings brought together at the great Exhibition in Dublin in 1853 suggested the feasibility of establishing a National Gallery, which had been long desired by all lovers of art, and deemed essential to the advancement of art in Ireland. At the close of that Exhibition a number of noblemen and gentlemen united to form an association designated 'The Irish Institution,' for the purpose of holding annual exhibitions of contributed works, with the ultimate view of establishing a permanent Gallery." A site was granted, the building commenced with a gift of 5,000*l.* from "the Dargan Testimonial Fund," and was finished by Parliamentary votes amounting to 21,500*l.* Indeed the public spirit displayed by the Irish people themselves rightly stimu-

lated the Government to take the work seriously in hand. Two Acts of Parliament were passed incorporating a Board of Governors and Guardians of the Gallery. The Lord-Lieutenant for the time being is the President; the other members, seventeen in number, hold their position either as heads of local Societies, or as elected representatives of the Hibernian Academy of Art, and of donors and subscribers to the Gallery itself. Thus the administration is substantially in the hands of the Irish people. The nation, as we have said, shows laudable zeal. Thus, among a handsome list of donations for the purchase of works of art, we find that the late William Dargan gave 2,000*l.*, Sir Maziere Brady 1,950*l.*, the Gallery of Ancient Art 277*l.*, the Royal Irish Art Union 240*l.*, the late Sir Benjamin Guinness 100*l.*, and a like sum was given by two Lords-Lieutenant. The Queen and other members of the Royal Family also appear among the donors. In response to this private liberality, the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury express their readiness to sanction grants of public money for the purchase of works of art equivalent to the amount of private donations. Yet it appears that the Parliamentary grants have not exceeded 5,000*l.*, and the annual subsidy for purchases is only 1,000*l.* The Gallery was first opened to the public on the 31st January, 1864, and, considering the limited resources at command, the stranger is surprised to see how much has been accomplished. The visitors per week average 2,500, of which number between six and seven hundred are admitted on a Sunday.

The National Gallery of Ireland is naturally more comprehensive and diversified in the art works it exhibits than our London Gallery. In London the art collections, from their large extent, are more subdivided and more widely distributed than in Dublin. Thus in the National Gallery of Ireland are collected casts from the antique, original drawings of the Old Masters, photographs from original drawings, and water-colour drawings. Works in water colour, however, will not be excluded from our London Gallery when the time may arrive for the removal of the Turner drawings and sketches from Kensington to Trafalgar Square. In Dublin too the system of loans is carried further than will be possible in London until the contemplated extensions are complete. But the arrangements in Dublin are necessarily for the present somewhat tentative and transitional, because, as in London, further extensions will be needed for new acquisitions and future developments. The general regulations for the free admission of the public on four days of the week, and for students, with the privilege of copying, on two days, are similar in the two Galleries. It is worthy of mention that in Dublin on students' days the public are admitted on payment of sixpence. Another contrast between the two Galleries is that, while in London the public are shut out from the National Gallery on Sundays, in Dublin they are allowed between the hours of 2 and 5 P.M. to profit by the refining influence of art. Of this privilege, as we can testify, the people are eager to avail themselves. On a Sunday afternoon the Gallery is crowded, sometimes over-crowded, by the working classes, whose avocations during the week exclude them from museums. Some of the visitors, of course, run through the Gallery in holiday fashion, but many go to work deliberately, and thus reap lasting instruction.

A Gallery so recently formed has necessarily some blanks in the history of art still to fill up; but the collection possesses an interest of its own, from the diversity of masters and the wide range of chronologies, from the juxtaposition of early and late works, from the presence of painters at once rare and familiar. For instance, we come as by surprise upon that now despised artist, Cesare Procaccini, who made an *olla podrida* out of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Correggio, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. "The Apotheosis of Carlo Borromeo" (52) is a large and characteristic work of this flaunting and empty painter, whose office in churches and galleries where we have met with him might seem to be to point to the swift and fatal decadence of Italian art. Rather later in date follows Nicholas Poussin, the Frenchman who studied and died in Rome, and thus became qualified to secure for France a revival of the Roman style. "Phineus and his Followers turned into Stone at the Sight of the Gorgon's Head" (83) has much of the terror and the imaginative grandeur of "The Plague of Athens" at Leigh Court, a work which attests incontestably the creative power of this Italianized Frenchman. Caravaggio, a giant among the "Naturalists"—painters awful in depth of shadow, and rude in type of humanity—is represented by a master-work, "St. Sebastian after Martyrdom" (197). The modelling of the dead body is broad, bold, and grand, and yet the characteristic roughness of the work is that of a stonemason, which in fact was the trade of the painter's family. Lanfranco, pupil of the Carracci, born for colossal enterprises, is seen in a passionate, impulsive composition, "The Miracle of the Loaves" (31). We will close our remarks on this late period, which perhaps the authorities, with the prevalent leaning to earlier times, may be ready to depreciate, with a mention of the severest, simplest, and most satisfactory picture we have for many a day seen, by Annibale Carracci, "Christ on the Cross." On the right of the cross is St. Francis, on the left St. Dominick, both kneeling; above, on each side, an adoring angel is floating on the clouds. The colour is grey, as befits the solemnity of the subject; the sentiment, grave; the form, and indeed the entire treatment, are noble. Such a picture takes us in thought pleasantly to Bologna, a city in which we have learnt to respect Guido and the Carracci, notwithstanding the ill favour into which they have fallen since the time when Reynolds sounded their

praises. Yet "Speranza," by Guido, now in Dublin, does not sustain the fame which it long enjoyed, especially among English visitors, in Rome. In fact the educated public are no longer to be imposed upon by conventional sentiment and namby-pamby charms; satiated with commonplace, they now demand an art more recondite.

The early and pre-Raffaellite schools are illustrated in a few rare examples. The three Bellini, for instance—the father and two sons—are severally represented. The Madonna and Child enthroned, with figures on either side seated and playing musical instruments, is certainly a typical work of the first half of the fifteenth century, but whether it can be positively identified with Jacopo, the father, is doubtful. The drawing is severe, the colour deep and rich, but from a certain grotesqueness and uncouthness in the forms and sentiment, it is possible that the work came not from the studio of Jacopo Bellini in Venice, but from the rival atelier on the island of Murano. The Bellini had for their mission the emancipation of art from the bondage under which the painters of Murano remained to the last. By Gentile Bellini, the elder son, is the portrait of Sultan Mehemet II., lent by Mr. Layard, a work described by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as of "extraordinary interest;" "whilst it presents to us the lineaments of the wildest of Orientals, it charms us by its wondrous finish." Genuine works by Gentile are rare, save in Venice. It was reserved to Giovanni Bellini, the younger brother, to reconcile the severity and dignity of the early style with the glow of colour and the ardour of sentiment of the later Venetian school; the manner thus matured was intensified by Giorgione, even while he painted in the studio of Bellini. In this way may be reconciled certain contrarieties in a noble portrait picture of a Doge and a Knight (190), put down in the Catalogue as the exclusive work of Giovanni. "The Doge" has the severity, the firmness of drawing, the precision of handling which belong to the Bellini, while "The Knight" shows a lustre of colour and a breadth in execution which distinguish Giorgione. The picture, which was a rare possession for any gallery, formerly belonged to Paul Delaroche, who, we are told, "preserved it as a unique treasure of art until his death." Dublin has acquired other products of the Italian school; thus the following masters are present—Gozzoli, Del Sarto, Titian, Tintoret, Sebastian del Piombo, Moroni, Pordecone, Peruzzi, Il Bassano, &c. Other names are less well known; thus there is "The Virgin Enthroned" (3), an important work of Marco Palmizano. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in mentioning this picture, associate the painter through his master, Melozzo da Forlì, with the great Piero della Francesca; also with Giovanni Santi, the father of Raffaele. It is evident that the school of Florence has through the partiality of Vasari been unduly exalted. This picture in Dublin, and others in London and elsewhere, show that in the fifteenth century there was an earnest, truth-seeking art extending along the shores of the Adriatic from Venice to Ancona, and stretching inward among the Apennines as far as Padua, Bologna, Urbino, and Perugia. The work is typical of the period and the locality. The Madonna is enthroned after the manner of the Bellini; an angel seated at her feet sings to the accompaniment of a lute, saints stand on either side of the throne in stately company; the accessories are rich in marbles and decorative arabesques; the figures, in fact, belong to severe and spiritual times; while in the accessory decorations the Renaissance is already triumphant. We quote this important composition to show that the National Gallery of Ireland, over and above works of a popular and somewhat routine character, possesses examples to arrest the student who, having, it may be, trod the beaten track of history, now loves to explore the byways wherein lie scattered gems which throw light on dark places in art.

The Governors and Guardians of the Dublin Gallery have worked with success the system of loans. The Lord-Lieutenant lends valuable portraits and pictures. Mr. Layard contributes some of the less known masters, such as Montagna (not to be confounded with his great contemporary Mantegna). Here St. John, St. Katherine, and St. Zeno stand in that forbidding, dry, austere fashion which characterizes the Lombards in the fifteenth century. Deep and solemn are the shadowed colours, as when the shades of night steal along the plains of Lombardy, and the distant Alps rise dark in purple, like hills in a Titian landscape. The National Gallery of London, as a sort of parent institution, kindly apporitions to Dublin a few superfluous works, among which the most welcome is a small representative selection of drawings from the Turner bequest. Works on loan are, of course, changed from time to time.

The early German, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the Spanish schools are not wanting in fairly good representatives. Among the Germans it is hard to pass by a most impressive figure by Van der Goes—Christ bidding Farewell to His Mother; the depth of pathos is beyond the reach of words; works of this period are singularly touching. There are likewise some interesting products of the early Westphalian school. We would also wish to keep in memory a Madonna with the Infant Christ and St. John, a lovely example of Cesare da Sesto, a studious and somewhat eclectic artist who united more than any one else Da Vinci with Raffaele. The National Gallery in London is still wanting in a sample of this scarce and charming master; indeed Dublin possesses several pictures of which we might covet the possession, and the additions made year by year will further enhance the value of the collection. During the administration of the present Director, Mr. Henry Doyle, important specimens of Titian, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and other of

the old masters, have been secured, as well as of Gainsborough, MacIise, and Danby of our native school. Among the more recent donations we hear of fifty water-colour drawings of the English school, presented by Mr. William Smith, also of a picture by Cuypp from the Gillott collection, the gift of Mr. John Heugh. In conclusion, we may say that the formation and the vital growth of the National Gallery in Dublin may be accepted as one of the many signs that better days are in store for Ireland.

THE CESAREWITCH AND MIDDLE PARK PLATE.

IN some respects the Cesarewitch was this year more than usually successful. There was a fair average of acceptances; twenty-four came to the post; and the twenty-four, taken altogether, were of more than average quality. Bethnal Green, Laburnum, Inveresk, and Bertram were worthy representatives of the three-year-old form of the year, and it is not often that four such three-year-olds meet in a handicap. Among the four-year-olds were Shannon, Barmston, and Sir Robert Walpole; and the best known of the older horses were Sylva, Soucar, Enfield, Palmerston, Chérie, and Revenge, all of whom have been associated with great handicaps, three as winners, two as having obtained second and third places, and the last named as having been a great favourite, and hitherto a constant absentee. The race has been, on the whole, happily free this year from the dubious incidents of so many great handicaps; we mean that there have been more genuine and fewer market horses. Laburnum and Bethnal Green have steadily maintained their positions almost since the publication of the acceptances, and Bertram, Soucar, and Enfield have throughout met with steady and consistent support. The most famous stable in England, according to popular belief, for management of handicaps, was, on the other hand, unrepresented in the race, not one of its six coming to the post. Nonius, whose solitary public recommendation was that he was beaten out of sight in a small race at Plymouth, and to all appearance walked off the course lame, was, for some incomprehensible reason, elevated to the front rank of the favourites, and was kept in that position till a few days before the race, when he was summarily sent down to his proper place, the tail instead of the head of the list. Lord Wilton's declaration to win with Barmston was of course sufficient to satisfy the public that he was better than his stable companion Sylva, though, as events turned out, she beat him in the race; but up to the last moment people were puzzled about Botheration and Revenge, stable companions of Lord Wilton's horses, but running under a different management. Revenge has been so long in retirement that nothing could be known about him, though the public has a strange fancy that when a horse is kept in his stable for the best part of two years he will infallibly win a great race when at last he makes his reappearance. But the brilliant victories of Botheration last year at Goodwood and Brighton were ample proofs that his merits, at any rate, were not hypothetical, and when the weights for the Cesarewitch came out, it was found that he had only 7st. 4 lbs. to carry. Nevertheless, as a final result, Botheration did not run, and Revenge, who did run, made a fair struggle for the last place.

It cannot be said that, as a piece of handicapping, this year's Cesarewitch was a success. It is strange that while year after year there is a close and desperate finish for the Cambridgeshire, the longer handicap is so often won in a canter. In the last few years Julius, Cardinal York, and Corisande have won with consummate ease, but Salvano's performance last Tuesday has quite eclipsed the doings of those noted horses, and the proverbial stone in hand was in his case a literal truth. It must be rather mortifying to a handicapper to see an animal to whom, with a sort of good-natured contempt, he has assigned the lowest weight, come right away by himself and leave as good a field of horses as could well be collected together for the occasion far behind him. On what principle should the lowest weight be allotted to a horse? Only, we take it, on the principle of the horse's public performances entitling him to that distinction. It is a false principle to give the lowest weight to a dark three-year-old, just because little or nothing is known about him. Now Salvano was not, strictly speaking, a dark horse; for though he never ran as a two-year-old, he had run once this year, and was beaten off over the Ditch mile by Chopette. Under the circumstances, however, that solitary performance was not sufficient to stamp him as worthless for racing purposes, and further, he had some claims to attention on account of his breeding, being by that excellent horse and good stayer Dollar, who, it will be remembered, won the Northamptonshire Stakes and the Goodwood Cup in 1864. The running of Salvano in the October Handicap of course opened the eyes of a good many people to his real merits, but the unfortunate *contre-temps* which deprived him of that race prevented him also from becoming a prominent favourite for the Cesarewitch. The question at issue was—did he bolt in the October Handicap out of the course, or was he forced out of it by the undue intrusion of the people on foot? Those who maintained that he bolted were perhaps right in their conclusion that, as a horse seldom swerves, still less runs right out of the straight track, save from distress, so Salvano had done the best he could, and, not being able to stay the October course, could not, *à fortiori*, be able to stay the longer course for the Cesarewitch. Those, on the other hand, who had frequent opportunities of seeing the horse at exercise, declared that he never showed the least sign of waywardness, that he would have won the October Handicap by a dozen lengths had the spectators been

kept within proper limits, and that there was no fear about his ability to stay the distance. And these last were right.

As usual, the majority of the competitors were saddled away from the Birdcage, the most conspicuous occupant of which was Laburnum. Baron Rothschild's horse could not have been fitter, but, as had been expected by many, want of heart, not want of condition, was the obstacle to his success. Nothing of course can be seen of the early part of the race by spectators on the flat, but we understand that the twenty-four were despatched on their journey at the very first start. The easily distinguished colours of Sir Joseph Hawley were seen in a prominent position as the horses came across the flat, and in an equally forward place on the opposite side of the course the blue jacket and yellow cap of Baron Rothschild could be observed. When two such great favourites are simultaneously seen in front, attention naturally becomes riveted on them. Laburnum was the first to give way at the Bushes hill, and his case was then clearly hopeless, for he is not the sort of horse to come again. Bethnal Green was in difficulties half way down the hill, but just as Huxtable called on him—and so game a horse would not have succumbed without a fine struggle—two horses crossed right in front of him and disappointed him; nor do we think he was persevered with afterwards. For just at that moment Salvanos shot out in the centre of the course, and the race was at once over. Leaving his opponents further and further behind him, as if he was making the running at the commencement of a mile race, instead of finishing a contest over more than double that distance, pursuit was hopeless; and his jockey had nothing to do but to sit still and let him go past the post at his leisure, four lengths, which might have been ten if necessary, in front of Sylva, who in turn beat Enfield by two lengths. Inveresk, who ran a good horse under his weight, was fourth, Bertram fifth, Bethnal Green sixth, Laburnum seventh, and Burnston eighth. Far off in the distance came Astrologer and Revenge, struggling for the last place. No horse could have run straighter than the winner, nor did the little boy who rode him seem to have any difficulty in controlling him. Salvanos has, with his 7 lbs. penalty, only 6 st. to carry in the Cambridgeshire, and there appear to be only two reasons why he should not be successful in the shorter race. The first is, that the double event has never yet been carried off by the same animal; the second, that a horse trained for a long race sometimes loses that dash of speed and that quickness at the start which are so essential in the Cambridgeshire. However, judging from the pace Salvanos was making in the October Handicap, there is no doubt that he can go fast as well as far; and it may possibly be reserved for him to accomplish for the first time the feat of carrying off both the great autumn handicaps. Sylva, though too small to take first-class rank, once again showed her excellent staying ability, and has now run second, third, and fourth for the Cesarewitch. Enfield ran gamely and did his best, but, as his neck victory in the spring over the indifferent Marmora would show, he has no pretensions to win in good company. Barnston, we believe, disappointed his friends, who fully expected him to finish in front of Sylva; but neither he nor anything else in the race could under any circumstances have had a chance of beating the winner, who would have been a very formidable antagonist with a good deal more weight on his back.

A brilliant field of eighteen ran for the Middle Park Plate, all the best two-year-olds that have appeared in public, with the exception of Somerset and Gang Forward, coming to the post. The weather was most unfortunate for Cantinière, who, despite her roaring, was thought capable of doing what Sunshine failed to accomplish. Heavy rain fell persistently all the morning, and the atmosphere was close and oppressive; in fact, a worse day for a roarer could not be imagined. Cantinière carried the extreme penalty, which Kaiser, luckily for him, just missed, owing to the Champagne Stakes, in nine years out of ten worth more than a thousand pounds, falling short of that amount this year by a few pounds. An unusual number of penalized horses ran, as follows:—Cantinière, Kaiser, Montargis, Andre, and Flageolet, each with 8 st. 13 lbs., and Marie Stuart with 8 st. 10 lbs. Templar, Paladin, Cœur de Lion, the Queen Elizabeth filly, and Amalie von Edelreich escaped penalties, and Surinam and all the remainder took the allowance for maidens. Had Somerset run, he, alone of the colts, would have carried the extreme weight of 9 st. 2 lbs. The heavy state of the ground, rendered still more heavy by the unusual quantity of herbage on it, was all against the top weights, yet so superior were Cantinière and Kaiser believed to be to the others that they quite monopolized public favour. Kaiser's wonderful gameness, and the rapid improvement he has made all through the summer, were quite sufficient to justify his friends in sticking to him; while not only had Cantinière beaten all the best form of the season in a canter, but there was a line through her stable companion Gang Forward, who so distinguished himself at the First October Meeting by beating Surinam and Paladin. There was a momentary gleam of sunshine just before the race was run, and there was happily but little delay at the post. Before half a mile had been traversed Cantinière was beaten, and dropped back. Kaiser at the same time took up the running, and came down the Abingdon hill with a commanding lead. The race was apparently at his mercy at this point; but directly he commenced the ascent, the weight and the fearfully heavy ground told on him, and he came back to his horses. Surinam came with a rush at this moment, and, catching Kaiser at every stride up the hill, succeeded in getting on even terms with him as they passed the post, the judge not being able to separate the pair. Nothing but the indomitable gameness of

Kaiser averted his defeat on this occasion by the highly-trying Surinam, out of whom Osborne got every ounce. At the same time it is apparent that Mr. Savile's colt could easily have beaten Surinam at even weights; and indeed, but for the exceptionally heavy ground, he would probably have been able to present the 7 lbs. It is a great thing to give away such a weight on such a day, and under such circumstances, but had the Champagne Stakes been of their customary value, and Kaiser in consequence carried the extreme weight, he would not have escaped the fate that has befallen every similarly penalized animal that has attempted to carry off this great prize. The weight, the weather, and her infirmity stopped Cantinière, and it is probable that had Gang Forward run he would have done the stable better service. Surinam has made some amends for his hollow defeat at Doncaster, and is evidently getting more used to his business. He requires also a strong jockey to get him out, and there could not be a better man for the purpose than Osborne. The French horse Montargis finished a good third, and Marie Stuart and Flageolet were next, well up. In truth there was but little tailing, the representatives of Baron Rothschild and Sir J. Hawley being the only two fairly distanced. As Cantinière could not cut the field down, nothing else could; and hence the pace was but moderate. Kaiser has proved himself by this achievement not only the most improved horse of his year, but also one of the gamest; and as he is perfectly sound and a regular wear-and-tear looking animal, it is only a matter of health for him to take a prominent part in the great three-year-old races of 1873. We ought to add that the most notable absentee from the Middle Park Plate was the German horse Hochstapler, said to be immensely superior to Amalie von Edelreich. He is by Savernake, who has not been as yet credited with any winners of note; and as far as looks go, he appears worthy of the good character given to him. Amalie and Flageolet, it will be remembered, ran a close race together at the First October Meeting; and Flageolet was well up in the Middle Park Plate last Wednesday.

REVIEWS.

DÜHRING'S HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.*

ALTHOUGH this work was published three years ago, we doubt whether it has as yet received the attention which it merits. So abundant are German Histories of Philosophy in every shape, and of every possible magnitude, from the massive digest of numerous works to the mere chronological catalogue, that the addition of one more History to the list, associated with an unfamiliar name, is likely to be passed over as an event of small importance. Dr. Dühring's "Critical History of Philosophy" is, however, a book altogether unique. From the fact that his survey extends from Thales to Mr. Stuart Mill, and that its results are expressed in one moderate-sized octavo volume not too closely printed, it might naturally be inferred that he was a fair specimen of the ultra-chronological school, an apt manufacturer of concentrated cram. Dr. Ueberweg, a proficient in the art of concise description, with a fine lexicographical feeling for completeness in a catalogue, seems to have done everything that can be desired by the free-and-easy student of metaphysics. If one wants to know all about, say, Thomas Aquinas or Hegel, in a short hour, one has only to turn to Ueberweg, and one certainly finds a brief but well-considered statement of doctrine, accompanied by a satisfactory biography, while there is scarcely a name in the chronicles of thought so insignificant that space cannot be found for the dates of its owner's birth and death. But Ueberweg's sketch of the history of philosophy, though it does not occupy a very large place on the shelf, is printed for the most part with oppressive closeness, and at a glance may be at once recognized as a book mainly intended for reference. Assuming that Dr. Dühring followed in the path of Ueberweg, one would ask with wondering curiosity by what process so much further compression of an enormous material could possibly have been accomplished.

But the assumption would be altogether incorrect. The notion of writing a history of philosophy so as to comprise all the names ordinarily connected therewith is altogether foreign to the plan of Dr. Dühring. Indeed, when we find that he is a "Docent" of Philosophy at the University of Berlin, we are often surprised at the small respect which he bestows upon the philosophers by profession. Though he begins with the earliest Greek thinkers and comes down to the present day, the persons upon whom he bestows serious attention are extremely few, nor is the measure of respect which he awards to them at all commensurate with the honour paid to them by popular tradition. This process of elimination is, however, based on a strict and intelligible principle. He proposes to give a history, not of men, but of thought, and it is only when a man creates a new epoch in the progress of thought that he comes within the sphere of Dr. Dühring's observation. Exclusion from the list of the elect does not necessarily imply contempt. Dr. Dühring shrewdly discriminates between the history of thought and that of culture. Thus in the annals of a certain phase of civilization the name of Voltaire is all-important, but inasmuch as his philosophy, properly

* *Kritische Geschichte der Philosophie, von ihren Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart.* Von Dr. E. Dühring. Berlin: Heimann. 1869.

so called, was merely a reproduction of the theories of Locke and Newton, scarcely anybody could be less important to the historian of thought than the brilliant Frenchman. But it is not by such obvious instances as this that Dr. Dühring bounds his work of elimination. Not only are the avowed disciples of original thinkers excluded from his record, or barely noticed therein, but many idols of the cave and the forum long revered as originators of speculative philosophy are consigned to a limbo of imitators of whom it may be said,

Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

Nay, the few words that are bestowed upon Voltaire are at any rate civil, while the ringleaders of the mediæval schoolmen, with few exceptions, the Scotch essayists who, coming after Hume, thought they had conquered him, and the eclectic Frenchmen with M. Cousin at their head, are not even honoured with a mention.

Like Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Dühring is avowedly a worshipper of heroes, and thus he finds a ground for reducing his list of genuine philosophers which at a first glance seems less sound than the proof of non-originality. He not only reads the writings of a man, but, when information is to be obtained, inquires into his "Gesinnung"—a word which, at the risk of being charged with inaccuracy, we would translate into "disposition." Whether this expression be approved or not, it is clear that Dr. Dühring refers rather to a moral than to an intellectual quality, and asks, when the case is sufficiently important, whether the love of the reputed philosopher for truth is more or less sincere. At the first glance, as we have said, such an inquiry seems irrelevant. If a faultless work on trigonometry were turned out, its value would not be lessened by the discovery that the life of its author accorded rather with the principles of Mormonism than with those of civilized society, and that he derived much more pleasure from alcohol than from any amount of reflection on the square of the hypotenuse. But this case really has no reference to the "Gesinnung" of Dr. Dühring. In the first place, the course of mathematical reasoning is so firmly established that there are hundreds of judges who can at once pronounce on the merits or demerits of a mathematical work without a thought about the moral status of its author, and probably the person is yet unborn who would feel the slightest curiosity as to the private character of Euclid. On the other hand, metaphysical science is anything but settled, and it is therefore interesting to know, not exactly the private character of the metaphysical innovator, but the measure of his honesty with regard to his professed convictions. When Bruno is burned at the stake for the sake of his opinions, and Spinoza leads a life of poverty and seclusion rather than sacrifice independence of thought, we may deem that what these men taught was strange teaching, but at any rate we are sure that they believed it themselves. With this truth in view, Dr. Dühring enlivens his work with biographies which are very short and very few, but, as far as they go, admirably complete.

The men of the first rank, according to Dr. Dühring's twofold estimate, are the chief pre-Socratic Greeks—especially the Eleatics—Socrates, Roger Bacon, Giordano Bruno, Des Cartes, Spinoza, John Locke, David Hume, Immanuel Kant, and, of course, Schopenhauer. As the Italian judge, whenever a crime was brought to his notice, invariably asked, "Dov' è la femmina?" so, when we find a German boldly scorning all philosophical tradition, we may be certain that Arthur Schopenhauer is somehow at the bottom of the phenomenon.

Without originality there is no greatness, and the high honour which Dr. Dühring awards to the pre-Socratic Greeks they owe to his opinion that nearly every speculative problem which has perplexed mankind is to be found in the record, fragmentary as it is, of their lucubrations. This opinion more particularly applies to the Eleatics, whose dialectics against motion he has seriously studied; and he can scarcely say too much about such subtleties as the famed race between Achilles and the tortoise. Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and Empedocles are also reviewed at some length, and a passage taken from the account of the last of these philosophers we translate as likely to be interesting to many readers of the present day. According to Empedocles,

the first creations of nature have not always attained their proper ends, but on the contrary many abortive combinations have preceded the more perfect. That which has ultimately proved itself to be susceptible of enduring combination, and consequently of life, has remained, and constitutes the present aggregate of living beings and their species. The untenable combinations, on the other hand, have perished through their own incapacity of existence. In its details, this notion with Empedocles sometimes takes a shape which will not stand the test of natural history; as, for instance, when the existence of separate limbs and isolated organs is assumed; but the essential thought exactly corresponds to the explanation of the origin of species given by modern natural science, especially by Darwin.

Of Plato Dr. Dühring speaks with esteem, taking his part against Aristotle, against whose representations of his predecessor he lifts a warning voice. The Stagyræite, he thinks, is not too much to be trusted when he identifies the Platonic Idea with the Universal, which afterwards made so much noise among the schoolmen; but we have a right to infer that in its primary significance this Idea less denoted a comprehensive *genus* than a perfection to which imperfect beings should approximate—was, indeed, what we now call an "ideal." We should like to see this view carried out by a more comprehensive survey of Plato's Dialogues than would accord with the necessary limits of Dr. Dühring's work; but we may nevertheless advert to the truth that the relation of a handsome woman to the Beautiful, so often sung by Lord Lytton, is some-

thing very different from the relation of the same individual to the *genus homo*.

Notwithstanding his respect for Plato, Dr. Dühring begins with him his narrative of the decline of Greek philosophy. For Aristotle he has but slight esteem, venturing even to doubt whether the Stagyræite was the originator of the systematic logic indissolubly wedded to his name, as we are generally taught to believe, and as indeed he himself asserted. Dr. Dühring admits, indeed, that the sort of science which is taught in the *Analytics* is not to be found in any earlier form, and that even such insulated doctrines of a previous date as might be referred to this science are rare phenomena. If we set aside the Socratic definition and induction, and the Platonic classification of knowledge, we are tempted to believe that the logic of Aristotle suddenly sprang into existence, fully matured like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, a wondrous entity without a past or a future. Such an apparition, Dr. Dühring contends, would be contrary to every law of probability, and would certainly have been noticed by the ancient world. Some of the details of analytical logic—for instance, the three "figures" of syllogism—he is ready to concede, were invented by the Stagyræite, a concession of no great magnitude. That modern distinction between Aristotle and his mediæval worshippers which would justify us in revering the former while despising the latter Dr. Dühring does his best to remove. The master whom he daringly pronounces incapable of truly original thought taught people to mistake words for things; and if his pupils had any fault, it certainly was not lack of docility. In short, according to Dr. Dühring, were it not for one bright exception, the whole interval that separates the Stoicism and Epicureanism of ancient Rome from the age of the Renaissance is, as far as philosophy goes, filled up with a chaos of rubbish. Alexandrians, Realists, Nominalists, Mystics, however their teachings may differ, unite in the common characteristic of forming a "bad lot" which should be swept off without hesitation. Perhaps Dr. Dühring has a little respect for William of Occam; but the one particular star which shines for him in the mediæval night is Roger Bacon, whom he regards as the father of experimental philosophy, taking manifest delight in contrasting him with the "second Bacon," Lord Verulam, his regard for whom, as might be expected, is not overwhelming.

Descartes and Spinoza are examined with care, and immense weight is attached to Bruno. We are not sure that Dr. Dühring's readers will be greatly enlightened by his exposition of the views of that somewhat cloudy philosopher; but at all events they will fully understand that Leibnitz is charged with feloniously pilfering his ideas as matter for the *Monadologie*, and they will be amused by the spirit with which the charge is enforced. The energy with which Arthur the Great lashes Hegel is almost equalled by the vigour with which Dr. Dühring attacks a man whom his countrymen are in the habit of respecting as the first real importer of philosophy into the Fatherland. The question as to the invention of the Differential Calculus, which damaged the name of Leibnitz in this country, is now generally left open by impartial judges, who think that two men may have hit on the same notion. But this sort of comparison by no means satisfies Dr. Dühring, who eyes Leibnitz just as a magistrate glances at an old offender. The prisoner is convicted of robbing Bruno; why should we believe in his scrupulous honesty with regard to Newton?

John Locke stands very high on the list; he, not Kant, being regarded by Dr. Dühring as the founder of "Critical Philosophy," in the sense of the word which is familiar to all who have the slightest knowledge of the Königsberg sage, and which denotes an examination of the intellect itself, as distinguished from ontology in any shape. Locke's division of the so-called "ideas" into primary and secondary he considers, however, to have been hastily made, inasmuch as there is a certain objectivity in colour which does not belong to sound. David Hume he regards as a worthy successor to Locke in the "critical school"; but he scarcely attaches sufficient importance to Berkeley, whom he only names incidentally, and we are surprised to find so bold an innovator entertaining the old-fashioned prejudice that the acute Bishop of Cloyne was a dreamer. Immanuel Kant comes in for high honour. Some have supposed that Kant's main object was moral instruction, the establishment of the three grand "ideas," God, Freedom, and Immortality, on a basis not to be shaken by metaphysical speculation. Others have thought that his system, rightly interpreted, is a sort of godless Berkeleyism, fenced round with a technically logical apparatus, and that the imposing "ideas" are a mere sop for the multitude. Dr. Dühring is of opinion that in one Kant two opposite characters are combined—namely, the "critical philosopher" and the "moral mystic," and he does not utterly discredit the once prevalent rumour that the philosopher was at one time favourably inclined towards the teachings of Swedenborg. All that he writes about Locke, Hume, and Kant is eminently worthy of careful consideration.

The next great man to Kant is, of course, Schopenhauer. Our initiated readers will already have anticipated that the famed trio, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, are treated with the most supreme contempt, as mere schoolmen who had no thought of their own, and took up philosophy as a profession. They are disposed of with the utmost brevity, and with something like an expression of regret that their great celebrity compels the historian to mention them at all. Their less famous adversary, Herbart, is treated in similar fashion. But when we come to Schopenhauer, whose influence has been visible in almost every page, we are somewhat surprised to find that Dr. Dühring is by no means a thoroughgoing

disciple of the Frankfort teacher. That which seems most to command his admiration is the "Gessinnung" of Schopenhauer which finds its expression in a "noble pessimism."

Dr. Dühring avoids technical language as much as possible, and may therefore to a certain extent be called popular. Nevertheless his book can only be used by those who have obtained some proficiency in philosophical learning, and a reader who should try by means of this caustic little History to become acquainted for the first time with the thinkers of which he treats would be in the same predicament as one who should commence his knowledge of the reign of our Charles II. by reading Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* without notes. The book is indeed less a history than an historical essay, which, sometimes clear, sometimes obscure, may be strongly recommended to a reader capable of appreciating it, as a work pregnant with original and independent thought.

LIFE OF RICHARD TREVITHICK.*

THOUGH too fully charged with technical or professional details, as well as too slightly marked by literary skill or taste, to offer much attraction to the general reader, the *Life of Richard Trevithick*, by his son, has a value and an interest of its own. It is an attempt to claim justice for a man who has never yet been assigned his fitting place in the history of the great mechanical movement of modern times. The abortive nature of many among Trevithick's countless projects and inventions, and the cloud of disaster under which he sank at the end of his career, have done much to obscure the merit which was undoubtedly his as an inventor of the highest rank, and the contributor of not a few of its most important gains to the engineering science of his day. His self-tutored and wayward, yet quick and teeming, genius, joined with his restless energy of character and will, should have placed him, we cannot but feel, second to none among our great fraternity of engineers. Beyond a few scattered notices, or casual allusions in connexion with rival claimants higher in public favour or more conspicuous in practical success, no memoir of Trevithick, and no list of his inventions or improvements, has hitherto been put together. Absorbed, it may well be thought, with the championship of the supreme claims of Watt and Stephenson, Mr. Smiles has found room for but a passing and disparaging notice of what the steam-engine owes to Trevithick. He was not called upon, it will perhaps be pleaded, to rake up all that could be said for another claimant. Much of what had to be adduced slumbered indeed as yet in the possession of the family, and little beyond a haphazard feat or two, a struggle and a failure, seemed to be known of Trevithick.

The family of Trevithick was one of early date and good standing in the county of Cornwall, having taken its name from a place of that name. Members of the family are said to have been, for many descents before the seventeenth century, resident at Trevimidor, which is spoken of in Gilbert's Survey of the county as formerly a seat of the Arundells or of the Polomounters. On the death of William Trevithick, the last male representative of the main line, in 1731, his daughter and sole heiress married Francis Leach Llewellyn, who, we are told, claimed descent from the princes of Wales. Some poorer branch, however, of the family stem survived in obscurity, from which was born, in 1735, Richard Trevithick the elder, father of the abler engineer with whom we have to do. What little is known of his early career, gleaned from some old account books of his, is that he was, at the age of thirty, captain or manager of some of the leading mines in Cornwall, including Dolcoath mine, the oldest, richest, and most famous in Cornish history. He lived then in Illogan parish, midway between the mine and Carn Brea Hill. Five years before this he had married Anne Teague, whose family, of Irish extraction, were mine managers in the Redruth district. The Cornish boast of stature and strength was well kept up in the Trevithick line of giants, the average height of sire, wife, four daughters, and one son being five feet eleven inches. As an engineer, Richard Trevithick senior was not long in making his mark by his system of careful ventilation, by driving the deep adit at Dolcoath, and by re-erecting with improvements Newcomen's worn-out Carlosee pumping-engine. This was in 1775, the year before Watt set up his first working engine at Wheal Busy. Between Watt's low-pressure and steam vacuum engine and Trevithick's high-pressure principle a fierce rivalry ensued, in the course of which Watt's letters complain of the impudence, ignorance, and overbearing manner of his opponent, and of the "infidels" of Cornwall generally. Yet, we are informed, he ordered one of Trevithick's engines. The present biography is silent as to the duel which Mr. Smiles says was fought with Trevithick by Murdoch, Watt's assistant; but many details are given of the legal contest, which resulted in a verdict in favour of Boulton and Watt's patent, and the temporary closing of Dolcoath mine. During the dark times of Cornish industry Richard Trevithick senior died, August 1, 1797, and was buried in the churchyard at Camborne, where he had for years received visits from John Wesley. He had served as class-leader for his district. He left his only surviving son, already in settled work as an engineer, and actively carrying on the competition with Watt.

Richard Trevithick junior, born April 13, 1771, had been brought up at Camborne school, where he was reported as a dull, obstinate,

spoiled boy, given to drawing lines and figures by himself upon his slate rather than attending to lessons or observing rules. To the master's remark, "Your sum may be right, but it is not done by the rule," young Trevithick's reply was, "I'll do six sums to your one." From the first he would be wandering about the mines, and he early showed his native talent by correcting some error in the levels over which the old heads had been bothered, the rude surveying instruments having been affected by the nearness of iron tools or machinery to the magnetic needle. Of his bodily strength strange traditions are handed down. One Captain Hodges, a big, strong man, six feet in height, venturing upon a little friendly tussle with Trevithick after a mining dinner, was seized by the middle and turned upside down, the print of his shoes being left on the ceiling of the room. He could lift on to his shoulder a nine-inch cast-iron pump weighing seven or eight hundredweight, and write his name with ease on a beam six feet from the floor, a fifty-six pound weight hanging from his thumb at arm's length. In the Patent Museum at Kensington is shown an iron mandril which he is said to have lifted off the ground, standing over it on a strong stool, putting a bar of iron inside, and fastening a second bar to it so as to get a good hold. The weight of the mandril was fully half a ton, as we have verified for ourselves on visiting the Museum to inspect the models of Trevithick's earliest locomotives. At the age of eighteen he was steadily at work under his father, receiving thirty shillings a month, and two years later he was deputed by the Tin Croft mine to report upon the relative duties or work done with a certain quantity of coal by the patent engine of Watt and the double-cylinder engine of Hornblower. A draught by him of a direct action double-force pump, known as Bull's, engraved in the first volume of the "Life," and given to his son as a sample of a properly made mechanical projection, is a good specimen of an original Trevithick drawing. He and Edward Bull, after the death of Bull senior, worked together in the improvement of the steam-engine, evading the injunction served by Boulton and Watt in 1797 upon the Ding-Dong mine, by turning the cylinder upside-down, and working it with the top open, without beam or parallel motion. His idea of working an engine without air-pump or vacuum produced in 1786 what was known as the steam-puffer, from which may be said to date the high-pressure steam-engine. The steam-whim working with a crank, set up by Trevithick in 1800 at Cook's Kitchen, had been to some extent anticipated in the first rotary engine at work in Cornwall by Watt, whose sun and planet tooth-wheels proved, however, unequal to the work. Mr. Francis Trevithick claims for his father the introduction into Cornwall of the crank as early as 1796, without his having seen one before, or having heard of the crank disputes between Watt and Wasbrough, the latter of whom took out in 1780 the first patent for a crank, though the invention has also been claimed for Hulse or Pickard. Trevithick's whim of 1800 was still going, we are told, in 1870.

Trevithick's earliest model of a locomotive carriage was set to work at Camborne in 1796 or 1797. In the specimen at South Kensington it is easy to see the rudiment of the magnificent engine of our day. An old account-book of Trevithick's, dated 1800, gives in detail the items of its manufacture. Seconded by William West and John Tyack, an experimental engine was turned out, and on Christmas eve, 1801, the first load of passengers was moved by the force of steam, Captain Dick's "puffing devil" going up the stifflish incline to Beacon Hill, Camborne, writes an aged eye-witness, "like a bird." Andrew Vivian was steersman, with whom Trevithick set off next day to London to secure a patent. Much consultation with Sir H. Davy, Count Rumford, Davies Gilbert, and other men of science resulted in a patent being obtained, March 24, 1802. The specification and drawing given in the work before us make clear both the distinctive principle and the detailed working of the London locomotive. It differed essentially from Watt's in substituting high-pressure steam at 60 lbs. for Watt's condensing apparatus, while the waste steam was made use of to heat the feed-water. In 1803 another improved "devil" was running about the streets of London. In October of that year one was at work upon a tramway at Penydarran, in South Wales, with a gradient of one in fifty, drawing ten tons in five waggons. In 1808 Trevithick had at work a locomotive on a circular railway 100 feet in diameter, near the site of the station in Euston Square, round which the public were carried for a shilling a head at twelve or fifteen miles an hour. These facts and dates help to show to whom was really due the honour of being the father of the locomotive engine.

All this while Trevithick was hard at work with lawsuits, specifications, and inventions of a multifarious kind, getting withal deeper and deeper into debt and ruin. As early as 1803 he had a steam-dredger breaking the rock and hard soil at the East India Dock entrance, Blackwall, the machine having been but little changed to the present day. Three years later he engaged with the Trinity House for raising 500,000 tons of ballast a year from the bed of the Thames. It was his success in these operations which recommended him to the Directors of the Thames Driftway, a scheme which had been begun in 1804. Differences with the engineer, Mr. Vazie, having arisen, the advice of Mr. Rennie and Mr. Chapman had been sought, but set aside. On Mr. Vazie's recommendation Trevithick was appointed engineer in the middle of 1807. His contract was to drive for a thousand feet a driftway, five feet high and from two feet six inches to three feet broad, from Rotherhithe to the north shore at Limehouse, about half a mile lower down the river than the now existing Tunnel. A larger tunnel for

* The *Life of Richard Trevithick, with an account of his Inventions*, by Francis Trevithick, C.E. Illustrated with Engravings on Wood, by W. J. Welch. London: E. & F. Spon. 1872.

traffic was designed to follow the driftway. After a year and a half's working, the driftway having been pushed upwards of a thousand feet, to near low-water mark on the north shore, the water breaking in through a quicksand put an end to the undertaking. The experience thus gained was, however, of no mean value to Brunel, whose scheme was set on foot in 1825. Amongst other important inventions about this time were those of iron water-tanks for ships, floating caissons for docking ships, and iron vessels of the largest size with masts, yards, &c., of iron. In 1804 Trevithick is found in correspondence with Lord Melville and Mr. Pitt in a scheme for destroying the Boulogne flotilla by means of fire-ships propelled by steam, and in 1808 taking out a patent for applying a high-pressure puffing-engine to driving ordinary vessels; such being the opposition of the Coal Whippers' Society on the Thames that his house had to be guarded by the police. These labours and anxieties, culminating in his arrest for debt, brought Trevithick to death's door with brain fever in 1810, and he had to seek for rest in Cornwall. Soon himself again, he is in 1812 making a steam threshing-machine for Sir Charles Hawkins and Lord De Dunstanville, shipping off engines for coining, pumping, and boring to Lima, and for cane-crushing to Jamaica. The success of his machinery at Lima led to his falling in with an offer to superintend in person mining operations in Peru on a vast scale. From 1810 he was thus engaged, with every prospect of fortune to the shareholders and himself, until the uprising under Bolivar drove him in 1822 in ruin from the country; not, however, till he had in the interval set to work in Chili the mines which have since yielded such vast quantities of copper. Not more fortunate was his next adventure in Costa Rica, his report upon which, with his perilous journey across the isthmus, forms one of the most interesting episodes in Trevithick's life. The idea of traversing the route by rail or steamboat at once took hold of his active imagination. In 1829 he sailed for home by the aid of fifty guineas from Robert Stephenson, whom he met at Carthage for the first time since he had nursed "Little Bobby," an infant, upon his knee. No great cordiality, however, seems to have passed between the rival engineers, the one already a prince in his profession, the other a beggar.

Unsubdued by misfortune, Trevithick comes to the front in November 1827 with a patent for a recoil or pivot carriage for large ordnance, the germ of the most notable advance in recent artillery mechanics. His gun, in terms of the specification, "is worked by machinery balanced on pivots, giving it universal motion, by one man, with the facility of a soldier's musket." The gunner on the seat behind the gun points it and pulls the trigger. "The firing causes it to run up an inclined plane at an angle of 25° for the purpose of breaking the recoil; it runs down again with its own muzzle at the port, requiring no wadding, swabbing-cartridge, or ramming, but runs in, out, primes, cocks, shuts the pan, and breaks the recoil of itself, and with three men can be fired three times in a minute with accuracy." The explosive force of powder relatively to steam, and the speed of projectiles, both in and after leaving the gun, also entered into his calculations. An hydraulic crane for warehouses was another of his suggestions, a circular motion being given to the chain-barrel by the attachment of a screw-propeller, differing entirely from Sir W. Armstrong's triple thrust. He writes to Mr. Gilbert, June 29, 1828, of a "fancy" which he has for making artificial ice by evaporation, hearing that 100,000*l.* a year was paid for ice from the Greenland seas. The grandest and most definite of his schemes was perhaps the drainage of Haarlem Lake, to which he was invited in the summer of 1828. His latest years were spent in adding to the power of steam by various methods, especially the super-heating process; but he was not destined to see many of his prolific ideas realized to the full, still less productive of gain to himself. About the last and wildest of his efforts of fancy was his project of a national monument in honour of Reform in 1832. Though never troubling himself with politics, he could conceive the idea of a stupendous circular column of cast iron, gilt, "symbolical of the beauty and strength and unaffected grandeur of the British Constitution." This amazing structure was to be a thousand feet in height, a hundred feet in diameter at the base, and twelve feet at the top, weighing in all some six thousand tons, at a calculated cost of eighty thousand pounds. A central tube or cylinder, ten feet in diameter, would convey passengers to the summit by means of a kind of piston urged upwards by the pressure of the enclosed air, driven by a steam-engine. Within two months from the date of this crowning work of an exhaustless and daring fancy Trevithick had passed away. He died after a week's illness at Dartford, April 22, 1833, penniless, and with no relation near. His remains, borne to the grave by mechanics from the works of Messrs. Hall, were indebted for the last offices to some who had been losers by his schemes.

Trevithick's last years had been tantalized by hopes of a grant from Government in recognition of his services and losses. His claims were strongly urged, but in vain, upon Mr. Spring Rice, by his staunch friend Mr. Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society, who, in a letter to the ill-starred inventor announcing the failure of all hope, speaks of Trevithick as having by his successive improvements "about trebled the power of Watt's engine." The same sagacious friend points out the true desideratum, in some liberal man of capital who should be to Trevithick what Boulton had been to Watt. With such a partner or patron, or even with worldly wisdom, perseverance, and business craft to act as guide and governor to the huge motive power of

his mind, the rough Cornishman might have equalled in fortune and in fame many whom he closely rivalled in inventive energy and fertility of resource. The story of his life, as told by his son, is in a literary sense, from its endless repetitions and the bewilderment of its dates, a gruesome book to read, even apart from the pain which is naturally caused by the record of a career so clouded with misfortune. But the facts which it brings forward call for careful study and recognition, if only for the new light they throw upon the question of the true paternity of the locomotive.

LA BRUYÈRE.*

(Second Notice.)

IF a despotism may be tempered by epigrams, so may the social tyrannies of the great, and the contempt of an exclusive society towards all persons born under an inferior star. The study of character and the impulse to analyse motives which possessed the intellect of La Bruyère's day must have acted as a check on fine gentlemen and ladies, *la Cour* and *les Grands*, who knew themselves to be the subjects of observation and experiment. If it was flattering to their self-consequence to know that they afforded matter of speculation to the keener intelligences of the time, and if it was exciting and amusing to recognize a friend under the disguise of a Pamphile or Theognis, there must still have been a strong disinclination, which may have had salutary and sobering effects, to afford to others the same diversion. Little sanguine as our author professes himself in his efforts to disgust men with their vices, he encourages himself to persevere on the ground that "ils seroient peut-être pires s'ils venoient à manquer de censeurs ou de critiques. C'est ce qui fait que l'on prêche et que l'on écrit." It was a time when nobody entertained a doubt that the proper study of mankind was man—not the man of history or of prehistoric times, but the man of to-day. And among Frenchmen (and, we might almost add, out of France) nobody disputed that the men and women most worth studying—their virtues, vices, humours, manners—were those conspicuous in the world's eye for rank, wealth, and power. No one can give himself to the study of his kind without faith in the specimens on which he has to work as representative examples of the great human family. If fate throws the keen observer upon the humbler classes and among commonplace and vulgar people, that is the way, he assures us, in which he has come to the conclusion that human nature is loveable—the way in which he has learnt something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries; but naturally the heroic forms of virtue, vice, and folly are looked for in high places. La Bruyère's fate threw him upon the great world and its attendants and satellites; to him this group represented human nature. He knew the city—*la Ville*—but it was mainly through its self-invited comparison with the great world, through its weak hankering after the unattainable glories of Court life, its aping the manners, dress, and expenses of its betters. In fact, he viewed it from the unfavourable standpoint of looking down upon it—that point which is especially hard on social ambition. He did not see any moral superiority in the rich *bourgeois*, who was a sham into the bargain.

It was a saying of Burleigh's that rank is nothing but ancient riches. La Bruyère scarcely cared to see the transformation. He sympathizes, as it seems, with *certain* *morts* whom he imagines returning to life, and seeing their great names borne, their estates held, their castles inhabited, by people whose fathers were their bailiffs, and asks, "Quelle opinion pourroient-ils avoir de notre siècle?" But it must be borne in mind that the fortunes expended were most commonly gained by oppression; by *partisans*, as they are called, farmers of the revenue, the Publicans of modern times, whom he elsewhere reproaches as absolutely callous towards the miseries and ruin they caused. These were not the people whose notice he owns to feeling important, even to his own self-love, where he says, "Une froideur ou une incivilité qui vient de ceux qui sont au-dessus de nous, nous les fait haïr; mais un salut ou un sourire nous les réconcilie." All the wit and intelligence, all the prominent religious zeal of the time, occupied themselves pretty exclusively upon King and Court; a fact recognized by La Bruyère in a characteristic passage:—

L'avantage des Grands sur les autres hommes est immense par un endroit; je leur cede leur bonne chère, leurs riches ameublements, leurs chiens, leurs chevaux, leurs singes, leurs nains, leurs fous & leurs flatteurs; mais je leur envie le bonheur d'avoir à leur service des gens qui les égalent par le cœur & par l'esprit, & qui les passent quelquefois.

There can be no doubt that these great folks presented a very distinguished mark for satire, and that we are gainers by the glitter which set off their follies. So much keen thought as they gave matter for could hardly have arrived at such finish of expression if bestowed on the clumsier vices of inferior sinners. Not that La Bruyère supposes the finer instincts to go generally with birth and training. He complains that *l'homme d'esprit* has no chance with them against a juggler or a mountebank, and that "le comédien couché dans son carrosse jette de la boue au visage de Corneille, qui est à pied." The same littleness, passions, and quarrellings are seen in Court and city:—

Ces hommes si grands on par leur naissance, on par leur faveur, on par leurs dignitez; ces têtes si fortes & si habiles; ces femmes si polies & si spirituelles, tous méprisent le peuple, & ils sont peuple.

* *Les Caractères, ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle.* Par La Bruyère. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1872.

But the word "people" was itself exclusive in La Bruyère's day. The populace of the provinces had not arrived at the dignity of being included in it. There is something terrible in his picture of the peasant, and in the hideous contrast it suggests, and was intended to suggest, between the tiller of the soil and the class which his labour aggrandized. It is a picture, and that is all; not a word of comment or application. The truth was satire enough, it needed no added warning or sting. *Non ragioniam di lor, he seems to say, ma guarda e passa* :—

L'on voit certains animaux farouches, des mâles & des femelles répandus par la campagne, noirs, livides & tout brûléz du Soleil, attachez à la terre qu'ils fouillent, & qu'ils remuent avec une opiniâtreté invincible; ils ont comme une voix articulée, & quand ils se lèvent sur leurs pieds, ils montrent une face humaine, & en effet ils sont des hommes; ils se retirent la nuit dans des tanières où ils vivent de pain noir, d'eau, & de racines, ils épargnent aux autres hommes la peine de semer, de labourer & recueillir pour vivre, & méritent ainsi de ne pas manquer de ce pain qu'ils ont semé.

La Bruyère borrowed his title, as the reader knows, from Theophrastus, whose "Characters" he translated into excellent French, and who suggested to him a similar work on his own times. He classes his subject, which we must call "Human Nature," under sixteen heads, which stand in the following order:—"Des Ouvrages de l'Esprit," "Du Mérite personnel," "Des Femmes," "Du Cœur," "De la Société & de la Conversation," "Des Biens de Fortune," "De la Ville," "De la Cour," "Des Grands," "Du Souverain, ou de la République," "De l'Homme," "Des Jugemens," "De la Mode," "De quelques Usages," "De la Chaire," "Des Esprits forts." These are illustrated by the characters (portraits others called them) which in his own day excited such intense interest and curiosity. As a specimen we will give one easily recognized by his contemporaries as that of Charles, Count d'Aubigné, brother of Madame de Maintenon, whom all the *mémoires* of the time represent as "extravagant, buffon, et sans mesure" :—

J'entends Theodecte de l'antichambre; il grossit sa voix à mesure qu'il s'approche, le voilà entré; il rit, il crie, il éclate, on bouches ses oreilles, c'est un tonnerre; il n'est pas moins redoutable par les choses qu'il dit, que par le ton dont il parle; il ne s'apaise & il ne revient de ce grand fracas, que pour bredouiller des vanités & des sottises: il a si peu d'égard au temps, aux personnes, aux bienséances, que chacun a son fait sans qu'il ait en intention de le lui donner; il n'est pas encore assis, qu'il a à son insu desobligné toute l'assemblée. A-t-on servi, il se met le premier à table & dans la première place; les femmes sont à sa droite & à sa gauche; il mange, il boit, il conte, il plaisante, il interromp tout à la fois: il n'a nul discernement des personnes, ny du Maître, ny des conviez, il abuse de la folle déférence qu'on a pour lui; est-ce lui, est-ce Eutideme qui donne le repas? il rappelle à soy toute l'autorité de la table, & il y a un moindre inconvenient à la lui laisser entière qu'à la lui disputer: le vin & les viandes n'ajoutent rien à son caractère. Si l'on joue, il gagne au jeu; il veut railler celui qui perd, & il l'offense; les rieurs sont pour lui, il n'y a sorte de fatuités qu'on ne lui passe. Je cède enfin & je disparois, incapable de souffrir plus long-temps Theodecte, & ceux qui le souffrent.

His variety of topics demands an equal variety of tone. The selfishness of Gnathon, the gourmandise of Cliton, need a different touch from the innocent fashion-worship of the tulip fancier, or the high virtues—recalling Wordsworth's Happy Warrior—of Emile, the Great Condé, who in their turn need less subtle handling than Thelephé, who has "de l'esprit, mais dix fois moins de compte fait qu'il ne présume d'en avoir." There is in La Bruyère an absolute divergence from the commonplace which provides us with a course of surprises. He has a genius for paradox which at once takes the judgment and experience of the reader as being not truly but obvious; as where he describes certain people who, hearing that modesty becomes great men, and having succeeded tolerably in some small undertaking, *osent être modestes*. Nothing certainly is more common than quarrelling, domestic disputes, incongruities, and so forth. People quarrel, says La Bruyère, because they are men; that is a matter of course. He does not, therefore, seek for instances in the field open to common observers, but illustrates the proclivity more forcibly in his own way, through the medium of two friends; of whom the keys give us the name and title :—

L'on sait des gens qui avoient conlé leurs jours dans une union étroite; leurs biens étoient en commun; ils n'avoient qu'une même demeure; ils ne se perdoient pas de vue. Ils se sont aperçus à plus de quatre-vingt ans qu'ils devoient se quitter l'un l'autre, & finir leur société, ils n'avoient plus qu'un jour à vivre, & ils n'ont osé entreprendre de le passer ensemble; ils se sont dépêchés de rompre avant que de mourir, ils n'avoient de fonds pour la complaisance que jusques-là; ils ont trop vécu pour le bon exemple, un moment plutôt ils mourroient sociables, & laissoient après eux un rare modele de la perseverance dans l'amitié.

His conjugal example is as little hackneyed, and delightful for its concluding paradox :—

Cleante est un tres-honnête homme, il s'est choisi une femme qui est la meilleure personne du monde & la plus raisonnable; chacun de sa part fait tout le plaisir & tout l'agrément des sociétés où il se trouve; l'on ne peut voir ailleurs plus de probité, plus de politesse: ils se quittent demain, & l'acte de leur separation est tout dressé chez le Notaire. Il y a sans mentir de certains merites qui ne sont point faits pour être ensemble, de certaines vertus incompatibles.

Folly is recognized by him as a power in society before which reason has to bow. In a passage which recalls Thackeray, he appeals to all experience how the world gives way before caprice and ill-temper :—

L'on s'y accommode; l'on évite de le heurter, tout le monde lui cede; la moindre serenité qui paroît sur son visage lui attire des éloges, on lui tient compte de n'être pas toujours insupportable; il est craint, ménagé, obéi, quelquefois aimé.

Very early in the book comes the chapter "Des Femmes." La Bruyère's modern annotators would willingly probe into the obscurity which hangs about his life to detect some *liaison*, some

personal interest in his delineations, but without effect. It seems certain that he never married. Now and then in a few happy touches he shows us the highborn, fine lady of the period as she was sometimes seen—a noble manner illustrating the loftier pretensions of her class. And in the celebrated fragment—the character of Arterice—he paints the ideal woman of society, alike charming whether she talks or listens. If the keys are right in the original which they assign to this portrait, the lady's sequel shamed a picture which was half delineation, half prophecy. It might be her fate—she was married at thirteen—which made him see the greatest excellence as well as charm of womanhood in the age from thirteen to twenty-two; after which date the two temptations, paint and "direction," removed them further from his admiration and sympathy. If women, he tells them, were made naturally such as they try by rouge and white lead to make themselves, they would be inconsolable. But it is towards the fashionable religion of the day that he addresses himself with most pungent satire; he addresses an imaginary friend Hermas :—

Si j'épouse, Hermas, une femme averse, elle ne me ruinera point: si une joueuse, elle pourra s'enrichir: si une savante, elle saura m'instruire: si une prude, elle ne sera point emportée: si une emportée, elle exercera ma patience: si une coquette, elle voudra me plaire: si une galante, elle le sera peut-être jusqu'à m'aimer: si une dévote, répondez, Hermas, que dois-je attendre de celle qui veut tromper Dieu, et qui se trompe elle-même?

What, he asks, is a woman *qu'on dirige*? Is it a woman more amiable to her husband, kinder to her servants, more devoted to her family and affairs, a warmer friend, less a slave to her humours, less selfish, one who cares less than other women for the comforts of life; more exempt from self-love and *éloignements*, freer from all human attachments? Nothing of the sort you tell me. I repeat my question :—"Qu'est-ce donc qu'une femme que l'on dirige? Je vous entends, c'est une femme qui a un directeur." He sides with the confessor, naturally jealous of this second aid to conscience :—

Si une femme pouvoit dire à son Confesseur avec ses autres foiblesses celles qu'elle a pour son Directeur, & le temps qu'elle perd dans son entretien, peut-être lui seroit-il donné pour penitence d'y renoncer.

"C'est trop contre un mari," he cries, "d'être coquette et dévote; une femme devroit opter." It is probably this tone which got La Bruyère the credit of being a Jansenist. His astonishment at the presumption of undertaking this ministry of souls on the one hand, and at the folly of women in the choice of a director on the other, shows him to have been little in accord with popular feeling; but it was as a philosopher he wrote, rather than as a divine or theologian. As such he treats the subject *du cœur* in tones alternately tender and cynical. At one time we read :—

Il y a peu de femmes si parfaites, qu'elles empêchent un mari de se repentir du moins une fois le jour d'avoir une femme, ou de trouver heureux celui qui n'en a point.

At another he allows to women even a superiority in some important intellectual gifts, and finds the perfection of social intercourse in their society :—

Une belle femme qui a les qualités d'un honnête homme, est ce qu'il y a au monde d'un commerce plus délicieux; l'on trouve en elle tout le mérite des deux sexes.

With graceful tenderness he elsewhere avows that for him

un beau visage est le plus beau de tous les spectacles: & l'harmonie la plus douce est le son de voix de celle que l'on aime.

One leading characteristic in La Bruyère is delicacy of perception, of taste, and of moral propriety. For his gross sins in this last direction he censures Rabelais as much as he commends his genius. He recoils from his book as an enigma; it is a beautiful woman with the feet of some unclean beast or the tail of a serpent. It is not only bad, but it is low—adapted to the *canaille*. Even Molière, to whose genius he pays ample testimony—

quel feu, quelle naïveté, quelle source de la bonne plaisanterie, quelle imitation des mœurs, quelles images—

offends by caring to please lower tastes than the most fastidious, not only by what he calls jargon and barbarism of diction, but by bringing peasants and drunken fellows upon the stage and by playing upon the homely weaknesses of the valetudinarian; while his Tartuffe is but a broad conventional presentment of the hypocrite, to which he opposes Onuphre, his own conception of the character as seen under the sanctimonious close of Louis XIV.'s reign. What is remarkable in these volumes is at once the variety of subjects on which La Bruyère occupied his observation and the fairness and equality of care and interest bestowed on their analysis. Nothing was too great for his penetration, nothing too small or petty for his careful study. The motives which influenced one man to cut another in the street are probed to their source with as close inquiry as the impulses which provoke to crime, or the enormous selfishness of classes. This is true respect towards humanity. Whatever makes man the thing he is, whatever stirs human thought and stimulates it to action, was in La Bruyère's eyes worthy of profound reflection and nice truth of expression—a posture of mind incompatible with contempt, which separates and elevates those who entertain it from what is condemned, and drives to loose exaggeration of language. There is toleration in careful wording, and sympathy in a witty turn of thought; and when insight, sympathy, and eloquent expression are all employed on a subject which must always be of paramount interest to mankind, there is no reason why the book which enshrines them should ever grow old or cease to be read.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN.*

THIS is a strange book with a strange title. It is wild, mischievous, we should hardly be wrong if we added blasphemous; but it is far from lacking in power, and it, after all, gives us a certain respect for its author. It is an attack on Christianity, and not only on Christianity, but on Theism in any shape. Mr. Reade's great principles are that the doctrines which have done most evil in the world are the doctrines of a personal Deity and of the immortality of the soul. Till these doctrines are got rid of, man, he holds, can never reach the perfection of his moral nature. Now we have learned in this age that truth, if it is really held to be truth, must not shrink from disputants of any class, and that it must put down its adversaries neither by force nor by reviling, but by argument. We have therefore no right to quarrel with Mr. Reade or any one else simply for holding and maintaining his own opinions, however false and mischievous we may deem them to be. We have, however, to demand that the ordinary decencies of controversy shall be observed, and we think we have a right to demand something more. Though religion is a system of abstract truth, which, if we wish to defend it, we must be ready to defend by argument, it is not merely a system of abstract truth. It is something which is entwined with our feelings as well as with our convictions; an attack on it is felt not merely as an attack on intellectual opinions, but as something more like a personal attack on a friend or a parent. To the mass of Englishmen any attack on Christianity itself, as distinguished from any of the particular forms of Christianity, is something distinctly painful. They have then a right to ask that any one who honestly holds it to be his duty to try to show, not only that Christianity is false, but that the world would be morally better without it, should set about his work with great delicacy and tenderness. When a man believes himself to have found out that the religion in which he was brought up, and in which all around him were brought up, is both false and hurtful, he must, we should think, feel some sadness of heart at his discovery. Now Mr. Reade is an unbeliever of a high order. He is evidently thoroughly honest, thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly convinced that, in assaulting Christianity, he is doing his own personal duty, and working for the general welfare of mankind. His moral system is pure, lofty, and benevolent; his main charge against Christianity is that its moral effect is bad. Nor does he in any way belong to the vulgar and, we fancy, pretty well exploded, school of unbelievers who looked on Christianity as a system of conscious fraud and imposture. In his view the doctrines of Christianity form part of the general history of religion; they have grown up, as other religious systems have grown up, by the gradual working of men's minds, by the special working of some particular minds, but not by any deliberate, certainly not by any dishonest, invention. The successive forms of belief which have prevailed in different times and places are, in Mr. Reade's eyes, the growth of the circumstances and tone of thought of those times and places; in those times and places they were helps to the general advance of mankind; but each of them had, in its turn, as man advanced still further, to give way to something better. Mr. Reade, like Frederick the Second, has much to say about the three creeds of Moses, Christ, and Mahomet. But in his eyes their several authors are very far from being *Tres Impostores*; they are three of the chief benefactors of mankind. Yet the work of all three alike is only temporary, and the time, we are told, has now come for their systems, and for all other religious systems, to be swept away. Something better than any of them is to come. But what it is that is to come we cannot exactly make out. Mr. Reade, like many other disputants, orthodox and heterodox, is much stronger in pulling down than in building up. As long as he is pulling down he is always intelligible, commonly acute; when he begins to build up we have not the faintest notion what he means. But we gather that the personal man is to give up all relations to any personal Deity; he is to do right—and Mr. Reade's notion of doing right is rather a strict one—for the general welfare of the whole race; and, though he is to look forward to no separate immortality in his own person, he is to look forward to a sort of immortality of the great body of which he forms a part. This, we confess, is utterly beyond our powers of understanding, but it is well to remark that, whatever Mr. Reade is, he is no Comtist; he rejects Comtism just as much as he rejects any of the received forms of Theism. And he believes too in a Creator of some kind, though of what kind it is hard to make out. Mankind too, as they advance, are to make wonderful discoveries in the way of physical science, including, if we rightly understand Mr. Reade, the art of going from one planet to another. Now all this is wild stuff enough, but even in the wildest parts of it there are touches of acuteness, and the wildest things come all by themselves at the end of the book, rather to the surprise of any one who has looked at the earlier parts of the volume only. No one would have guessed from Mr. Reade's title what his book might be about, and certainly, if we open it at random in different parts, one part would not give us the slightest hint of what we are to expect in other parts.

Mr. Reade's objections to Christianity and to Theistic religion of any kind seem none of them to be new, though they derive a certain novelty of appearance from the connexion of subjects in which they find themselves. They are, in short, little more than the old difficulty about the origin of evil, a difficulty which man's present powers can never get to the bottom of, and which is

as great a difficulty on one theory as on another. Now how does he put these objections? Mr. Reade's book contains many passages which will grate very harshly on the feelings of any Christian, or indeed of any Jewish, Mahometan, or Deistic reader, and we are not surprised that his friends and his publisher urged him to alter a good deal that he had written. Mr. Reade, however, thought it his duty to put forth what he had written, and we are bound to say that his tone, though often what to our feelings is offensive, is always earnest, and that his tone in attacking Christianity in general is certainly not so offensive as the tone which the advocates of particular forms of Christianity constantly take up towards the advocates of other forms. But the odd thing is, that a man might begin Mr. Reade's book, and might read through whole chapters of it, without finding out that it was meant for an attack on Christianity, or that it had anything to do with theological matters at all. It begins, and for some time it goes on, as a kind of universal history; and as a universal history it is decidedly a curiosity. Mr. Reade is a well-known African traveller, and we shall presently see that Africa fills a large place in his book. He is seemingly not a scholar, but he is evidently a man of great acuteness, quite capable of grasping firmly and putting forth forcibly the main points in any book that he reads. In his preface he gives us a list of the works whence he gets his materials; the parts of which that most concern us stand thus:—*Greece*—Grote, O. Müller, Curtius, Heeren, Lewes, Taine, About, Becker's *Charicles*; *Rome*—Gibbon, Macaulay, Becker's *Gallus*; *Dark Ages*—Hallam, Guizot, Robertson, Prescott, Irving." The choice is amusing, but it is plain that Mr. Reade has given himself the means to get at a fair knowledge of Grecian history if he chose. And in fact he has got a very fair knowledge of it. His positive mistakes are not very many or very outrageous, and he has caught the leading points and characteristics of the history in a way which has not been done by many who believe themselves to have gone much deeper into the matter. About Rome of course he knows much less, as might be expected from one who seems to have taken Macaulay's *Lays* as his chief authority up to the reign of Commodus. And of "the Dark Ages," as he chooses to call them, we may fairly say that he knows nothing at all. For we suppose that the beginnings of distant discovery—and therewith the beginnings of the negro slave-trade—under Don Henry of Portugal, would hardly be reckoned as belonging to the history of the "Dark Ages." About this, as an African subject, Mr. Reade has really thought. We are bound also to say that he commonly tells his story well. If there are some passages verging on extravagance, there are more which are not far off eloquence. The results of Mr. Reade's own African experience are very well put together. He gives us a really striking description of an African village in its primitive heathen state, and of the contrast which it presents, the wonderful change for the better in every way, after its people have embraced Mahometanism. This is a point to be specially noticed; in our European history Islam shows itself so exclusively as a fighting religion, making its way by the sword, that we are apt to forget in how many times and places it has shown itself as strictly a missionary religion. And there is force, though not altogether in the sense in which Mr. Reade means it, when he tells us that Christian missionaries fail because they have too much of enlightenment and not enough of superstition. Perhaps what Mr. Reade calls superstition some would call faith; but it is certainly hard to draw the line between the two. Yet there can be no doubt that conversions are best made by teachers who are not so far in advance of their disciples as to be out of all sympathy with them. All the great national conversions of Europe, from the Goth to the Lithuanian, were made by men more advanced undoubtedly than those whom they converted, but not cut off from them by the wide gap which cuts off the modern European from the savage. The Mahometan missionary is therefore in a far more favourable position for converting the savage than the Christian is. Mr. Reade, we think, quite understands the historical position of Christianity, which we have ourselves before now tried to set forth, as the religion of the Roman Empire—that is, of all those nations which either formed part of the Empire or have drawn their intellectual culture either from Rome or from Constantinople. But in his zeal against all Theistic systems he fails to see how powerful an argument this fact is in favour of the divine origin of Christianity. That the Roman should adopt and should hand on to the Celt, the Teuton, and the Slave a religion which arose in a corner of Palestine, is in itself the greatest of moral miracles. One might have thought that, whether to a Roman Caesar or to a Gothic King, no faith could be so little acceptable as that which called on him to worship a crucified Jew. And the faith thus accepted has shown itself capable of adapting itself to every form of civilized life and of settled government, and it has, in its various forms, Roman, Greek, Oriental, and Teutonic, contrived to put on shapes specially adapted to the several races with which it had to do. Mahometanism, on the other hand, stereotypes one particular state of things; it draws its votaries up to a certain level of civilization, and then forbids them to rise any higher.

Our remarks on Mr. Reade's book have been nearly as discursive as the book itself. The centre of it is the scene of his own inquiries. He first of all wished to prove that Negroland or Inner Africa is not cut off from the main stream of events, as writers of philosophical history have always maintained, but that it is connected by means of Islam with the lands of the East, and also that it has, by means of the slave-trade, powerfully influenced the moral history of Europe, and the political history of the United States.

* *The Martyrdom of Man*. By Winwood Reade. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

Then Mr. Reade tells us, with some simplicity, that he "was gradually led from the history of Africa into writing the history of the world" :—

I could not describe the Negroland of ancient times without describing Egypt and Carthage. From Egypt I was drawn to Asia and to Greece, from Carthage I was drawn to Rome. That is the first chapter. Next, having to relate the progress of the Mahometans in Central Africa, it was necessary for me to explain the nature and origin of Islam; but that religion cannot be understood without a previous study of Christianity and Judaism, and those religions cannot be understood without a study of religion among savages. That is the second chapter. Thirdly, I sketched the history of the slave-trade, which took me back to the discoveries of the Portuguese, the glories of Venetian commerce, the Revival of the Arts, the Dark Ages, and the Invasion of the Germans. Thus finding that my outline of Universal History was almost complete, I determined in the last chapter to give a brief summary of the whole, filling up the parts omitted, and adding to it the materials of another work suggested several years ago by the "Origin of Species."

It is partly in the second chapter, but still more in the latter part, that we come to those things which Mr. Reade's friends and his publisher wisely counselled him to leave out. And we must here mention an avowal made by Mr. Reade which casts a certain unpleasant suspicion over the whole book. "I wish," he tells us, "to impress upon the reader that there is scarcely anything in this work which I can claim as my own. I have taken not only facts and ideas, but phrases and even paragraphs, from other writers." Now no one can write at all without taking facts and ideas from other writers, but no man can be justified in taking paragraphs, or even phrases, without acknowledging them. Indeed we doubt about the lawfulness of taking paragraphs in any case, even though they be acknowledged. We have not tested Mr. Reade very strictly on this point, but we certainly lighted here and there on passages, more than phrases perhaps, but less than paragraphs, which we perfectly well remember to have seen elsewhere. Still, uncomfortable as this avowal is, as always leaving us uncertain whether what we are reading really belongs to Mr. Reade or to some one else, we cannot deny to Mr. Reade the merit of having put together in an agreeable and continuous form the whole doctrine of the gradual development of man according to the Darwinian theory, followed up by a sketch of his gradual advance in culture, in the more sober parts of which we conceive that Mr. Tylor has been Mr. Reade's chief guide. This part of the book gradually shades off into the wild talk with which the volume ends, and which we must look upon as not only offensive to most readers, but as indiscreet from Mr. Reade's own point of view. It is really too soon to take for granted that science and religion are opposed. To assume their opposition and to put it forward in the tone in which Mr. Reade does can only do harm to science. It is far wiser for scientific men to work out their own conclusions without bringing in the question whether those conclusions agree or not with revealed religion or with its received interpretation. This is what the best and wisest scientific men do; we suspect that Mr. Reade despises them as cowards for so doing. But we think that they are not only following a wise discretion for their own purposes, but that they are doing what is directly best for the cause of truth. On the other hand, it is for divines and Biblical students honestly to examine what is the real meaning of the books which they have in their hands. We say honestly, because it is palpably dishonest to try to get a meaning out of certain writings in order to force them into an agreement with certain discoveries, which meaning no one would ever have thought of finding in them if those discoveries had not been made. It is a fair question how far the Old Testament cosmogony agrees with the discoveries of modern science. It is a fair question again how far the Christian Revelation binds us to accept the Old Testament cosmogony, whatever may be its meaning. Perhaps it may be better for a while if scientific inquiry and Biblical interpretation can in a manner forget one another. What we do insist upon is, that no statement of any writer be tortured out of its natural meaning in order to make it agree with something else. No method of interpretation can be honest when applied to the Old Testament which we should feel to be dishonest if it were applied to a profane writer.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.*

WE are always inclined to welcome the stories of the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* for one reason, which will perhaps hardly be a reason in the eyes of severe admirers of high art. We mean that he is not above the good old tricks of his trade. He never binds himself down to that servile adherence to probability which makes some modern novels almost as flat and uninteresting as so many narratives of real life. Mr. Anthony Trollope, for example, with all his undeniable virtues, provokes us by the extreme narrowness of the limits which he imposes upon his imagination. He appears to have made it a law to himself, not only that all the characters and events which he describes should be such as might be met with in real life, but that they shall be such as we meet with every day of our lives. He is not content with being able to produce an original for every portrait, but he will paint only the very commonest objects. The author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* adopts a very different canon; he does not scruple to go to the very verge of possibility; so long as a given

combination of events cannot be demonstrated to involve a contradiction in terms, he is perfectly ready to introduce it. His characters are not permitted to be in two places at once; but they move about so rapidly that it comes almost to the same thing in practice. After they are dead they are not allowed to come to life again; but then you cannot be certain of their death, unless he has stated in the most distinct and unequivocal terms that their heads have been removed from their bodies, or that they have been subjected to some process sufficient to destroy the vitality of the toughest of polyps. So far from shrinking from the use of startling coincidences, he obviously delights in them; and if there is only one man in creation who can unmask a villain or bring about the catastrophe of a plot, that one man will turn up exactly in the right place and at the right time, though you could have sworn that he was at the most distant part of the world. The consequence is that the plots of his novels have generally the merit of liveliness and movement. If they are a trifle improbable, probability is no great object in fiction; and moreover the characters, though they are not always very original, have a certain briskness and vivacity which fits them to play their parts effectually on so rapidly shifting a scene. They have, it is true, to observe one condition which must be at times a little irksome. They are obliged, that is, to act in such a way as to bring about a given event, when apparently nothing is further from their intentions; and therefore they have to shut their eyes elaborately on some occasions, and to open them with preternatural acuteness on others, in a way which sometimes rather disturbs the illusion. Nothing, for example, is commoner in novels or more uncommon in real life than to find a stupid misunderstanding, which a word might have removed, carried on for years between two intimate acquaintances. In real life we should think that they were incredibly stupid, or that they must be really carrying on a mystification for mere purposes of their own. In a novel, if we are sufficiently good-natured, we are rather grateful to them for the trouble which they take in keeping up the game in spite of so many difficulties.

The story, for example, of *A Woman's Vengeance* depends upon an unlucky misunderstanding between a husband and wife. The husband, a Mr. Tyndall, has really been in love with a young woman in an inferior station. Unluckily he has come to grief from a love of gambling, and marries a lady of fortune in order to retrieve his position. It is certainly not unnatural that the wife, gaining some dim perception of the state of the case, should be annoyed at the discovery that her husband had not really loved her, and should even imagine that he is still carrying on an intrigue with his first love, who lives in the same country parish. In order, however, to work the plot satisfactorily, the husband and wife keep up a series of half-confidences. With singular want of judgment, though with great consideration for the readers of their story, the husband always lets out enough about his former passion to make his wife jealous, and then stops short just at the point which would remove all cause of jealousy. The wife sees him—as wives in fiction always do see their husbands—just as he is receiving from his first love certain old letters and presents by way of token that their acquaintance is to be finally broken off. Of course, too, she misinterprets the scene, and assumes it to mean that their acquaintance is to be carried on in a clandestine manner. We confess that under the circumstances we feel a good deal of sympathy with the wife, and are half inclined to forgive her when she pushes her supposed rival into a deep stream and pretty nearly drowns her. We sympathize still more when the husband most provokingly takes such offence at the means, rather discreditable we must admit, by which she tries to clear up the story, that he refuses to give her any explanation. Is an unfortunate woman, even in a novel, to be made jealous by strong *prima facie* evidence, and to have all satisfaction to her curiosity rigorously refused, and then to be severely blamed for a trifling attempt at manslaughter? The exigencies of his story make the author rather too hard on his heroine. Readers, however, who enjoy a thrilling story may forgive him this rather exploded device of the misunderstanding, in consideration of the terrible explosion to which conduct so admirably adapted to provoke ill-feeling naturally leads. We must not here remove the veil from the mysteries of the third volume. It is enough if we repeat our warning that it takes a great deal to kill a personage in stories by the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*. A broken skull and a funeral attended by relations are not sufficient to prove that the victim may not revive in a very ferocious state of mind. This, however, we may say, that the unfortunate wife gets severely punished for her jealousy. The husband, in whom we confess that we see no good qualities, is allowed at last to become a widower and marry his first love, and dismissed to any amount of happiness. Surely this is very unfair. The author throws out hints of his belief in the equality of men and women; but his management of his characters does not look like it. When a poor lady who supposes her husband to be faithless flirts with another man, and tries to kill her rival in a moment of impulse, is that a reason why her skull should be broken and she should die miserably after a year's acute sufferings? The husband has married for money, has been a broken-down gambler, and if he has not carried on an intrigue after his marriage, it is not for want of will on his part. He also has a broken skull for his wickedness, it is true, but he recovers, and has all manner of good things showered down upon him. We really think the distribution of poetical justice is grossly defective, and it causes us to finish a novel, otherwise

* *A Woman's Vengeance*. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd." London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

lively and amusing enough, with a certain feeling of resentment against the author.

One other criticism may be added. Misunderstandings of the kind we have described may occasionally occur in real life, though they are not creditable to the brains or hearts of their victims. But there is another misunderstanding which more strongly affects our sense of reality. The husband has been, as we have said, a broken gambler, and may be admitted to have some bad acquaintances. But when he introduces a common card-sharper to a number of refined ladies, and allows him to stay in society for several days without exciting any particular remark, the illusion is too rudely disturbed. In real life such a blackguard must have been kicked out of the house in an hour, or his entertainer must have given up any claims to social decency. A particular quarrel may fail to be cleared up; but we cannot understand how a blackguard just one degree above a thimble-rigger could pass himself off as a gentleman for several days at a decent country house. The other is a fault in the construction of the plot, but this is a fault in keeping, which is more serious, because it perplexes the whole atmosphere of the story. A great deal depends on certain aristocratic prejudices of the actors; and when we find their acuteness so much at fault, we cannot take them, as we are meant to do, for genuine representatives of a respectable stratum of society. This appears to us to be the greatest oversight in the book, which is otherwise a good specimen of the author's style, and has at least the merit of exciting curiosity, and gratifying it by a series of incidents which, if a trifle too startling, are described humorously and graphically enough.

A LEGITIMIST ALMANAC.*

ALTHOUGH the prospects of the Legitimist party cannot be considered very hopeful, it has displayed during the last two years a surprising energy in the propagation of its doctrines. As is natural in a country of universal suffrage, the great object at present appears to be the conversion of the lower classes, especially in the country districts. There is a great preliminary difficulty, which is that so few French peasants are able to read; but as every parish priest, or nearly so, is a Legitimist agent, that party overcomes this difficulty more easily than its rivals. Still it is rather uphill work. The parish priest does not, as a rule, interfere so openly in politics as do his brethren in Ireland, because there is a more general tendency in France to confine the clergy to the exercise of spiritual functions; so that, although the Church is in fact a vast political organization, she is obliged to act with a certain degree of prudence, and except on rare occasions, or in places where her influence is more than commonly secure, she does not loudly condemn the existing state of things. The sort of propaganda which she has most resorted to during the last twelve months has been the publication of very small pamphlets or tracts, which are sown in immense quantities all over France, being distributed freely by the agents of the clerical party, both in the country villages and amongst the workpeople in the provincial towns. It is possible that these little publications may have a certain influence upon the next elections for the National Assembly, and the Republicans, already alive to whatever degree of danger may attend them, have replied by the establishment of cheap local newspapers. The difficulty for both parties is that the country people cannot read. Notwithstanding this impediment the clericals have been active enough to place tracts in almost every cottage, and of these the *Contre-Poison* is the most generally known. It is a popular almanac, with woodcuts, and a yellow cover adorned with a picture of the Archangel Michael conquering Satan, after Raffaele. The Archangel represents the clerical and Legitimist spirit, whilst Satan represents the modern spirit. The design may be interpreted rather as an illustration of what the Church wishes to do than of what she has actually accomplished; since, either because the modern Satan is stronger than his prototype, or else because the Church is not so vigorous and irresistible as the Archangel, she has scarcely as yet achieved a victory so decisive and brilliant as his. The illustrations inside the little book, so far as the cloudy printing enables us to make them out, appear to be of a less combative character. They are simply rural scenes portraying the existence of the peasant amongst his sheep and oxen, or engaged in the various employments of traditional agriculture. The editor of the almanac is quite frank as to his intentions, not concealing his purpose under any mystery of periphrasis. He tells us in his preface that the object of his labours is to sustain the purity of the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman principles (he prints *Roman* in large capitals) against the evil tendencies of the present age, and he complains of a rival almanac which, whilst wearing the false colours of the Catholic Calendar, disseminates Protestant opinions. This frankness is in itself very laudable, and rather predisposes us in favour of the *Contre-Poison*, since an honest declaration of opinion is always respectable, and especially so when the opinion professed is declining in popularity.

Then come a number of short articles against the tendencies and errors of the age, from which we propose to extract the most interesting conclusions. Every almanac-maker must indulge in his little prophecy, but the editor of the *Contre-Poison* rather moderately confines himself to a general statement that all who laugh at the Catholic clergy are heaping upon their own heads

a formidable thunderstorm which will very shortly burst and strike them to the earth. Immediately after this somewhat vague, but certainly alarming, prediction comes an extract from Mgr. de Ségur's tract about the leading free-thinkers, which, under the title *Prêtres et Nobles*, has been sold in immense quantities during the last twelve months. Mgr. de Ségur is a *Protomaire apostolique* who has been very active of late in the cause of his party, and is well known as a capable and effective party writer. Nothing can be more direct and simple than his style, and the plainness of his expressions is such as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the reader. He begins by saying that the men of the opposite party are, with perhaps one exception in fifty, perfectly ignoble in their private lives, besides which they are so dishonest that for a long time past they have quarrelled with all that resembles probity and honour. This is a good specimen of the clerical style of writing, and of the vigour in attack which comes from the *odium theologicum*. It seems quite natural in a priest, but the rules of controversy between laymen are so different that, although the method appears both short and easy, there might be objections to its general adoption. To say boldly in two lines of print at the beginning of an article that those who differ from you are all base and immoral men seems a ready way of placing yourself in a position relatively advantageous, but how if the statement should not be perfectly true? We happen to know a good many Frenchmen of the parties which Mgr. de Ségur so strongly dislikes, and we have not, on the whole, found them either more immoral or less trustworthy than their neighbours. We may observe further, that, although the good or bad conduct of the members of a political party in the private relations of life would certainly encourage or deter us in seeking their private acquaintance, it does not affect the justice of what they claim on purely political grounds; so that even if the anti-clerical parties were as bad as the clergy represent them, their demands would still deserve a quite impartial consideration.

It has been the custom hitherto amongst the most orthodox and respectable classes of French society to represent free-thinkers and Republicans as very poor men who wanted to get for themselves the property of all who had anything. This idea used to be very industriously propagated in country places, so that even so recently as two years ago the peasantry all believed that *républicain* and *partageux* were convertible terms; and on the fall of the Empire very many of them quite seriously expected to have their cattle seized, and their land divided amongst those who had no avowable means of subsistence. Now, however, that they perceive that no attempt of the kind has been made by the partisans of M. Thiers, and that they sell their cattle as easily as under the Empire, and keep the money in old stockings as safely as heretofore, they have learned to regard the Republic with no more alarm than if they were all citizens of the United States of America. It may be observed further, that a great many considerable landowners and rich commercial men in different parts of France have given in their adhesion to the existing state of things, so that there is hardly a village of any importance where some leading man has not declared himself for the Republic. The effect of these adhesions on the peasant mind has been much greater than the effect of anything so remote as the political events at Versailles. We speak from actual observation when we state that a single wealthy proprietor, long known and respected as the leader in his own parish, and habitually consulted by the peasantry around him about their private interests and affairs, has done more for the Republic in two years than the most brilliant orator from the capital could have accomplished in a lifetime. The peasants think that if *notre monsieur* is satisfied with a Republican form of government they may be satisfied also; and as they really have no political convictions, but only a vague alarm, or a feeling of quiet confidence, they easily follow the lead of a rich man whom they like, and who talks to them every day. Another very remarkable change of feeling which has taken place during the last three or four years has made them more willing converts than they might have been in former times. Whatever may be the cause (perhaps easier access to the towns by railways and good roads may have something to do with it), there can be no doubt that the old veneration for the clergy has greatly declined amongst the rural population, and that the clergy have not yet found an efficacious method of combating the increasing irreverence. The local legends and miracles which formerly served as useful external bulwarks to the more important or more central doctrines of the Church are no longer taken seriously, except by the women, and even the central doctrines themselves are very frequently treated as antiquated fictions. The political effects of this increasing scepticism are very great, and tend to weaken the hold of the Legitimist or clerical party in the rural districts. Under these circumstances that party has thought it advisable to change its line of policy. Formerly it had not to combat the influence of rich Republicans, because all avowed Republicans, or nearly all, were poor men. Now that many of them are well-to-do, and live in châteaux or comfortable country houses, they can scarcely be accused of being beggars; so they are accused of being self-indulgent sybarites, rolling in gold and living on the labour of the industrious. It is highly curious that the very same arguments which were formerly employed by French democrats and communists against the aristocracy of their day are now brought forth by the clerical party against the Republicans themselves. As arguments they are not very forcible, whichever side may condescend to employ them; for it does not follow that a cause is unworthy of popular support because it happens to have rich men on its side; but it is

* *Le Contre-Poison*. Almanach illustré pour l'année 1872. Paris: Paulmier.

clear that if you can make people regard their leaders with envy for their riches, the time is not distant when you will be able to detach them from that leadership. This is the little game which Mgr. de Ségur and others are just now trying to play with the French peasantry; but they have learned the trick too late, and they are making the experiment on the wrong kind of material. The peasant is not by nature envious. He likes to over-reach the bourgeois whenever he can; but as to envy, he is too intently occupied in making his own little fortune to think much about those who have larger ones. Frugal and industrious people are seldom much troubled with envy, which is the malady of the extravagant and the self-indulgent. Idle and incompetent workmen in large cities, hating their work and surrounded by luxuries which they desire but cannot purchase, are the envious classes who become intolerant of wealth, and listen willingly to calumnies against the rich; but the sober peasantry have a quiet respect for wealth, and a disposition to consider themselves safe under a Government which is supported by men of substance amongst their neighbours.

Mgr. de Ségur gives a list of rich men who have belonged to the Liberal party, describing them with the severity of a Juvenal and the acerbity of a priest. He begins with Eugène Sue, whose imagination delighted in some of the forms of luxury (especially in flowers), and whose earnings were abundant enough to permit him to indulge his tastes. Sue used to fancy that he could not compose effectively without his luxuries, and if it pleased him to write in kid-gloves, this seems to us as innocent as wearing them in a ballroom, though most authors would find gloves an impediment rather than a help. His taste for flowers led him to pass an hour or two in his conservatories after the morning's work was done—a recreation which nobody thinks of blaming in other people of ample means. Mgr. de Ségur is very severe on poor M. Havin of the *Siccle*, for having left a large fortune at his death. His newspaper had a large circulation, and he had the good sense to save money instead of wasting it as Dumas used to do; so he died rich, as other successful men have done before and since. The very reverend *Protonotaire apostolique* inquires at whose expense M. Havin accumulated his fortune. We suppose that he got it out of his subscribers, like other newspaper proprietors; but since no one was compelled to subscribe against his will, we conclude that all who did so got their money's worth, or at least what they wanted for their money. Victor Hugo is attacked next for having 12,000*l.* a year, and for having received 20,000*l.* for *Les Misérables*. We have reason to believe that these figures are exaggerated, but if a very celebrated author can get great sums from his publishers, we suppose he may accept them without sin. The house of Lacroix and Co. is believed to have been imprudent in the scale of its dealings with Victor Hugo, but this is not the fault of the poet, who only took what he could get, like every other dealer in literary or other merchandise. The bit about Garibaldi must be quoted in the original French, as a perfect specimen of Christian charity and truth:—

Faut-il parler ici de son ami de cœur, le pourfendeur Garibaldi, qui, sous prétexte de porter secours à la belle république Gambetta, Crémieux et Cie, est venu vivre à nos dépens avec quinze mille bandits, poltrons comme la lune, pillards, sacrilèges, vrai rebut de l'humanité? Avec de grands airs d'austérité et de désintéressement, ce héros de contrebande, qui trouve toujours moyen de faire la guerre sans se battre, trouve aussi le moyen de vivre grasement et voluptueusement aux dépens des autres; à Caprera comme ailleurs, il a un train et des mœurs de pacha. Dieu sait les millions qu'il nous a mangés en trois mois, sans compter ceux que les frères et amis de France lui ont laissés emporter en sa retraite de Caprera, lorsqu'il s'est sauré! Lui aussi, il fait des proclamations pathétiques sur "la misère du peuple, opprimé par les prêtres et les rois."

Garibaldi has always expressed very freely his dislike for the Roman clergy, and it is natural that they should do their worst upon him in the way of evil-speaking. Whether they would have been more amiable if Garibaldi had been studious of moderation may however be doubted. M. Renan has always been studiously polite to the sacerdotal body, which, in return for his courtesy, called him a poisonous viper, and many other pretty names too long to enumerate in a parenthesis. The truth seems to be, that if you offend the clergy ever so little, you may as well relieve your mind altogether, and say all you feel inclined to say quite plainly, as Garibaldi does, since they resent polite opposition as heartily as open war. It must be admitted that, if Mgr. de Ségur loves his enemies, he is very ready to circulate unfavourable rumours concerning them. We wonder if the *Protonotaire apostolique* really believes that Garibaldi took several millions of francs away with him to Caprera, and that during his stay in France the Italian patriot lived richly and voluptuously. Poor Garibaldi occupied, it is true, the best bedroom at the Sous-préfecture at Autun, but he passed his time there in great suffering, and lived neither more nor less richly than a patient in any well-cared-for military hospital. His dinner usually consisted of a basin of soup, and he drank nothing stronger than water. He never once joined the officers' mess. His only luxury was a carriage, which he used in his military inspections, not being able at that time to endure horse exercise on account of rheumatic pains, though these pains fortunately permitted him to share the combat at Dijon in the saddle. If it was a great piece of self-indulgence in Garibaldi to use a carriage, we may observe that most French prelates do the same, whilst at Rome a carriage of some pretension, with lackeys, is *de rigueur* for every cardinal. The millions that Garibaldi took away with him to Caprera are a pretty example of unscrupulousness in aspersion. It is unnecessary to observe that, with all their hatred for Garibaldi, the

French clergy have never been able to convict him of dishonesty. He who quitted the two Sicilies, after overthrowing a dynasty, without any addition to his fortune, though a princely title and estate were offered him, could also leave France as he entered it. The clerical party publish these slanders without scruple, but they bring no evidence in support of them.

It seems hardly worth while to treat seriously a calumnious little publication of this nature, were it not that it comes from an ecclesiastic of high rank, and is a fair specimen of the sort of warfare to which the clerical party too willingly condescends. Mgr. de Ségur in his tract on priests and nobles has asserted with great energy the right of the priest to concern himself with politics:—"Comme prêtre il a parfaitement le droit, je dirais même le devoir, de s'occuper de politique et d'élections. La politique, en effet, touche aux intérêts religieux par mille côtés." These little publications give some insight into the clerical methods of political warfare. They may be described in one word—vituperation. But although, as Mr. Stuart Mill observed some years ago, vituperation is really an efficacious instrument in the hands of a party already overwhelmingly powerful, it may be doubted whether in these latter days the Church of Rome is quite strong enough to use it with the best effect. It is still a privilege of the Church; for if her adversaries were to answer in the same strain, they would be imprisoned for outraging the religion of the State. But there are privileges which it is not always advisable to carry into actual practice. Even the peasantry themselves are getting past the age of simple credulity, and are ready enough to answer that, if the Republican landowner likes a good dinner, the bishop and his clergy do not seem to be entirely indifferent to the luxuries of the table; that if the Garibaldians were expensive helpers, a good many millions have certainly been sent to the Pope; and that, if the Republicans are place-hunters, the Imperialists were so likewise. M. Jude de Kernaëret, in his *Petit Catéchisme politique*, is careful to avoid the excesses of Mgr. de Ségur, and we believe that of the two, he better understands the needs of the situation. His Catechism is a plain statement, in the briefest possible form, of the views held by the most respectable Legitimists. It is not free from passion, and the writer naturally condemns all Governments, except that of the elder branch of the Bourbons, as so many infamous usurpations; still he argues with an extreme moderation, and presents his cause like the advocate of a party which has to rely on persuasion for its hopes of success, and cannot afford to give unnecessary offence. If any kind of advocacy could revive a dying cause it would be this; but the clerical style is better suited to the maintenance of authority and the suppression of rebellion than to set up again a throne that has been overturned, and recover an influence that is lost.

CONGAL.*

IF, when the Samian exiles came to plead their cause at Sparta, they had spoken as most of the personages speak in this poem, their hearers might well have been forgiven for saying at the end of the speech that they had forgotten the first part and could not understand the rest. Applied deliberately to Mr. Ferguson's work, this judgment would probably be too harsh. It seems useless to look to Celt or Scot for anything like direct and plain narrative. It is not that, as with Herodotus, the main story is interrupted by remarks and digressions which according to the rules of modern authorship would take the form of notes and appendices, but that the speakers or storytellers crowd into a narrow space references to persons and events which they might be supposed to know accurately themselves, but which to those who have not their knowledge convey no meaning whatever. The final cause of an epic poem is scarcely to give a headache to the man who attempts to understand or follow it; and if it be not the fault, it is at least the misfortune, of not a few Irish poems and narratives that they can scarcely be said to become intelligible before the third or fourth perusal.

Of the poem of Congal Mr. Ferguson is not merely the translator, nor can we determine how far its merits are due to the sources from which he has derived his materials or to himself. These sources are the Irish Bardic romance called the "Battle of Moyra," and its introductory "Pre-Tale" of the "Banquet of Dunangay." These narratives he had at first wished to translate bodily into English verse; but he "found the inherent repugnances too obstinate for reconciliation," and therefore gave up the attempt. This means, we suppose, that the language of the old makers of history or romance, whichever we must term it, would be too tough for English appetites; and we are disposed to agree with him when we find that for his own words—

Where abrupt Eas-Roe
In many a tawny heap and whirl, by glancing salmon track't,
Casts down to ocean's oozy gulf the great sea-cataract—

he ought, had he followed the original, to have written—

The deep-clear-watered, foamy-crested, terribly resounding,
Lofty-leaping, prone-descending, ocean-calf-abounding,
Fishy-fruitful, salmon-teeming, many-coloured, sunny-beaming,
Heady-eddied, horrid-thund'ring, ocean-prodigy-engend'ring,
Billow-raging, battle-waging, merman-haunted, poet-vaunted,
Royal, patrimonial, old torrent of Eas-Roe.

By avoiding the style of the romance writers, Mr. Ferguson has

* Congal. A Poem in five books. By Samuel Ferguson. Dublin and London: 1872.

certainly lessened a burden which still presses hard upon his readers, but his work must share the fate of all adaptations, and take the credit or the blame of all that is good, bad, or indifferent in the poem. We may, however, confess at once that we do not look upon his work as in any sense a contribution to Irish history. The battle of Moyra is perhaps not much better known than the battle between Cyrus and the Massagetan Tomyris, or the battle of Mount Badon; but we do not care to disturb the conviction that it may be "referred with reasonable certainty to the Tuesday which fell on the 24th of June in the year 637," although we do not see why the date should be given thus, unless there is indisputable evidence to determine the day of the week rather than the day of the month in which the battle was fought. Nor, while we tread the slippery ground of early Irish history, are we tempted to question the wisdom of the author in adhering "to the views of those who regard it as the expiring effort of the Pagan and Bardic party in Ireland against the newly consolidated power of Church and Crown, alleging for its *casus belli* the obligations which Domnal, the then monarch, had incurred to Congal, the disappointed sub-king of Ulster, as indicated in the poem." It can scarcely be said that the efforts of modern writers have done much for the early annals of Ireland, and the mere assertion that certain personages have ascertained places in authentic history cannot count for much. The Nibelungenlied has lately been pronounced to be a genuine historical work because it contains a few names which resemble or are identical with the names of some kings and queens who lived some twelve or thirteen centuries ago. The story of the advent of Milesians, Danaans, or Fírlbolgians in the Green Isle, is worth about as much as the story of the settlement of the Trojan Brutus in the island which is said to bear his name; but even when we get away from the misty regions of these early legends, it is long before we can walk with the confidence of men who see their path in the clear light of day. We do not therefore dispute that

The sacred poet's song

And learned historian's tale agree, that from one parent stem,
Scyth, Agathys, and Gelon sprang, and sprang direct from them,
The Scot, the Pict, and Bolgmen come, who, in their several turns
To Erin came; and you the first to escape the galling scorns
Of Thracian tyrants, and the toil immense in leathern bags
Of carrying soil to fertilize the terraced mountain crags.

We may note defects of rhyme, but we do not venture to meddle with such mysteries, and we listen patiently to the bard, who says:—

How in Grecian galleys borne Maonian Partholan,
Sire of great Slanga, on a day, with sight of sail and oar,
Amazed the dwellers of the woods by Inver-Seena's shore,
Where first Invasion first brought in our arts of life; and how
Erin, untill'd till then, from him received the spade and plough.
His three chief husbandmen, from whom all reckonings still begin,
Of Erin's wealth, were Dig and Delve, and Gather-Increase-In.
His leader-oxen, first and best that Erin ever saw
Yoked to the work of livelihood, were sturdy Drive and Draw.
His two chief sages, Ask and Tell. His merchants, Take and Give,
By whose plain precepts first and last must Erin learn to live.

Partholan, it would seem, had, in the use of parable, been an apt disciple in the school of the Athenians and the Andrians; it is unfortunate that he did not insist in his new country on the need of the clear and perspicuous narration which had marked the old Maonian poet and the earliest historian of Hellas. It is not politic in bard or chronicler to make the first steps in a journey irksome; but the reader or hearer may be forgiven who refuses to make the effort needed to solve the puzzles which he has to solve at starting in the story of Congal Claen. From Ulster this chief sets out to hold feast with King Domnal in the halls of Dunangay. His road takes him through the country of Kellach the Halt, who sends his bard Ardan to bid him tarry awhile in his courts. Congal holds that it is a just request and ill to be denied. The envoy of Domnal at once breaks in:—

"Worse to be granted," Garrad said: "to Domnal reconciled,
Behoves thee that thou rather shun one not the Church's child;
And, for his bond of brotherhood, a like request was made
Once, with small good to guest or host, when fraudulent Barach stayed
With fatal feasts the son of Roy, and from his plighted charge
Detained him in Dunseverich Hall, while Conor, left at large
To deal as lust or hate might prompt with those who on the path
Of weak MacRoy's safe-conduct came, did Usnach's sons to death.

As nothing has been said before of Barach or Mac Roy, of Conor or the sons of Usnach, the words of Garrad carry little meaning to the uninitiated. But this Garrad is a large dealer in dark sayings, and not many narratives perhaps could be found darker than the following:—

Said Garrad Gann, "A servant here of Domnal; and I say
No narrow house, O aged sire, is that of Dunangay.
But when Saint Ruán, because the king, Brown Dermid, had profaned
His sanctuary, and his ward, thence ravished, still detained
At Tara contumaciously, denounced by book and bell
His curse against the royal seat—which righteous judgment well
Did Dermid merit, for he pressed his fugitives pursuit
With sacrilegious fury to the very altar foot
Of Lorrach; and, when Ruán himself stood in the narrow door
That led to where his ward was hid beneath the chancel floor,
And Dermid feared to pluck him thence, with pick and iron crow
Did break the floor before his feet, and from the crypt below
Dug out Aed Guasa—afterwards no king at Tara dare
Longer reside, &c.

After such misty narrative as this the merest gleam of sense or sunshine is a relief, and we gladly acknowledge the vigour of that part at least of Ardan's song in which he bids his hearers

Swell the chant of praise
In memory of the men who did the deeds of other days;

The old bard-honoring, fearless days, exulting Ulster saw,
When to great Rury's fair-haired son tall Scallan gave the law;
When from Troy Rury to Ardstone was neither foot nor field
But yielded tribute to the king that bore the ell-broad shield.
Hark! what a shout Ben Evenagh pealed! how flash from sea to shore
The chariot sides, the shielded prows, bright blade and dripping oar;
How smoke their causeways to our tramp: beneath our carsmen's tail
How, round the Dalaradian prows, foam down the waves of Foyle!
Come forth, ye proud ones of Tir-Hugh, your eastern masters wait
To take their tribute-rights anew at broad-stoned Ailach's gate.

Such verse may fairly carry the reader on without effort; but if he will find no difficulty in catching the poet's meaning when he says that

All the life of every growth that springs beneath the sea
Back to the air returns when once its turn of life is done,

he must almost be tempted to throw the whole thing up in despair when the bard goes on to tell him—

When that lofty lodge of life and growth store of the world
Is choked with groans from burthened hearts and maledictions hurled,
In clamorous flight of accents winged with deadlier strength of song
From livid lips of desperate men who bear enormous wrong,
Heaven cannot hold it.

In short, the poem contains far too much which may fairly call forth the groans of burdened readers. It is but just to Mr. Ferguson to add that, when he gets to Dunangay, his narrative becomes altogether more clear, and that the incidents which lead to the battle are described with great force and spirit. But whether the poem, regarded as an epic, has been treated with the best judgment, and whether a better ending might have been provided for it, are points more open to doubt. There is so much of an artificial character about all Irish traditional history that we seldom can feel sure that the fancies or beliefs with which we are dealing are really those of the people of the land, or whether they are simply borrowed from the epic poets of other countries. The story of Lafinda, the maiden betrothed to Congal Claen, and her nurse Lavarcam, who, appearing in the form of a wrinkled old woman, suddenly stands forth in all the supernatural majesty of Saint Brigid who can ride the storm and strike down enemies with her glance, is far too much like the stories of Lavinia (a name not unlike Lafinda) and her nurse Beroë, to be altogether beyond suspicion. But there is a certain tameness in allowing Congal in his hour of mortal weakness and exhaustion to be won over to the new faith which during his whole life he had persistently opposed. It is quite certain that the national tradition which recounted the exploits of the man who had strenuously upheld the cause of the bards as the teachers both of patriotism and of righteousness would not have described him as yielding, from the mere physical fear of death, a submission which, from a deliberate conviction, he had thus far steadily refused. To make Lafinda a nun, to represent her as saying to her betrothed that she knows him now but as one for whom her heavenly spouse has died, to put into Congal's mouth the reply,

Other nuptials none
Desire I for thee now, for nothing now is mine
Save the fast fleeting breath of life I hasten to resign,

is clearly the device of disciples of the conquering Church which has trampled down the old religion. Whatever we may think of the conflicting faiths, our sympathy must be more enlisted on behalf of the man who stands to the last by the ancient creed of his land because he believes it to be good, than for one who almost at the moment of death confesses for the first time his fear that he may be mistaken. The words put into the mouth of the dying Julian might have come to us on less dubious authority; but it is clear that, except in its closing scenes, the story of Congal has been put together by men who honestly believed that there could be no greater disaster for Ireland than the suppression of the bards and the establishment of the new hierarchy, and who lauded the Ulster chief for his unswerving zeal in upholding the former and rejecting the latter. The story would undoubtedly have been more attractive if it had been made to breathe the same spirit throughout; and as little can it be doubted that Mr. Ferguson would have written a poem more likely to be successful and more deserving to be so, if at the outset he had determined to strike out everything which to readers unskilled in the mysteries of Irish chronicles might appear obscure or unintelligible. But he has chosen to imitate the old romance-makers in their defects as well as in their merits, and his book is likely to suffer seriously from his choice.

HAWEIS'S THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.*

MR. HAWEIS is known in literature as the author of an agreeable book called *Music and Morals*, and he has acquired a certain reputation as a preacher belonging to what he would himself call the Broad or Liberal school of theology. We turned to his present volume of sermons with some interest, expecting, we confess, to find it a collection of smart and amusing leading articles. For, so far as may be guessed from the subjects of Mr. Haweis's discourses—which are occasionally advertised in those lists of London preachers which find their way into the Saturday newspapers—he is in the habit of addressing his congregation on matters which are now, in our judgment, better discussed by journalists than by clergymen. But we are bound to say that we did him some injustice. Mr. Haweis,

* *Thoughts for the Times.* By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., Incumbent of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, London; Author of "Music and Morals," &c. London: King & Co. 1872.

in these *Thoughts for the Times*, does not deal with the fugitive topics of the day, but has a very ambitious object indeed. He aims at nothing less than laying down the first principles of that new Liberal theology which is to characterize what he calls the Church of the Future. Theological subjects, as such, do not fall within the proper scope of this journal. But we may be allowed perhaps to place impartially before our readers, as a matter of general interest, some of the conclusions at which Mr. Haweis has arrived.

Before doing so, however, we must compliment the author on the literary merits of his style. Mr. Haweis writes not only fearlessly, but with remarkable freshness and vigour. He is occasionally eloquent, and even pathetic. In all that he says we perceive a transparent honesty and singleness of purpose. We are by no means surprised that as a preacher he commands a large and attentive audience. We feel bound to make the further preliminary remark that a man may be a true Liberal, even in religion, without sharing any of the extreme views of the school for which Mr. Haweis claims that name exclusively. The true Liberal is he who, in his opinions as well as in his practice, acts on the motto, "Sic utere tuo ut alienum non ledas." A Liberal is not obliged to be a Communist in politics, or a freethinker in religion. There may be limits to religious thought, as there are fixed principles in ethics and insurmountable barriers in political action.

Mr. Haweis starts with the assertion that there ought to be no fixed dogmas in religion. Doctrine, faith, and morals are all to be progressive. Even if any dogma be true, it will require to be revised, re-stated, and newly adapted to the wants of each succeeding generation. A certain underlying truth, it is conceded, may be concealed under all religious definitions; but nothing is rigidly or absolutely fixed. The truths of religion are not, as all Churches have supposed them to be, matters of explicit revelation from God to man; but rather matters of human speculation, induction, and discovery. We have "to take the facts of the world, to take the history of the world, to take the knowledge we have acquired about the world and human nature, and then to reason from these obvious standpoints to the Author of the world, and the relations which may subsist between that invisible and mysterious Author, Framers, Co-ordinator—call Him what you will—and the intelligent beings by whom we are surrounded." Accordingly Mr. Haweis is at open war with all creeds, articles, and formularies alike; and, so far as concerns his own Church, he draws a humorous picture of the attempts of our ecclesiastical judges and courts of final appeal to "stretch and strain and explain away formulas." "You know," he says, "how the poor judges have been at their wits' end to interpret the doctrines of the Church, and to interpret the laws of the Church, so as to avoid the necessity of excommunicating everybody all round, or coming into hopeless collision with common sense." Of course there is some truth in this. The remedy would probably be found in allowing the Church some freedom of action in her own concerns, instead of binding her for all time by the compromises of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But this does not occur to Mr. Haweis. In fact, with much inconsistency, he glories in his pure Erastianism. "I am under the control of the State," he declares in one place; "all the clergy of the National Church are under the State, and therefore they ought to obey the State." Should Mr. Haweis then be dealt with, unfortunately, as Mr. Voysey was, he will have no ground of complaint, on his own showing. Our own opinion is that Mr. Haweis's true position, whether it be abstractedly a right one or a wrong one, is outside of the existing Church of England. He would be much more in place as a preacher in St. George's Hall than in St. James's, Westmoreland Street.

As might be expected, Mr. Haweis's hand is against almost every one of his clerical brethren. He is never tired of scolding or laughing at his fellow-clergy. At one time he charges them with teaching what they do not themselves believe. At another time he says, "The people have found the clergy out." Neighbouring clergy, whose churches may have been crowded while the late Mr. Maurice's congregation was insignificant, are politely called "nonentities." Above all he ridicules their firm reliance on the formularies by which they have bound themselves.

It is very instructive, in view of recent controversies about the Athanasian Creed, to consider Mr. Haweis's statements on the main points of doctrine affirmed and defined by that symbol. He says over and over again that he abhors nicknames; though he boldly claims more than once the designation of Rationalist for himself, and tells us in an interesting anecdote how he pained Mr. Maurice by once adopting the phrase "Broad Church" in conversation with him. Far be it from us to call him a Sabellian, though in one place he plainly confesses that he is aware that professed theologians might so distinguish his peculiar opinions. But it requires no profession of theological knowledge to know that the Church symbols, whether they be true or false, would condemn many of Mr. Haweis's statements. And when one sees in what hazy and ambiguous terms he expresses himself, one might be pardoned for thinking that definite dogmatic statements are not quite so useless or antiquated as it is the fashion to represent them. It would much reconcile his readers to Mr. Haweis's denunciations of creeds and articles if they could see that he was willing and able to express the alleged truths declared by them in plain and exact language suited to the nineteenth century. Ordinarily he makes no attempt to do so. There is not from his first page to his last, for example, one definite statement about the Incarnation, though in one place it seems to be described as a subtlety derived from the schools of Alexandria. In another

place he speaks, with singular infelicity, of "an influence" being incarnate. In a third passage, with equal inaptness, he applies, in a vague and unsatisfactory, and, as it seems to us, inconsistent discussion of the Atonement, the phrase "a noble creature" to the Divine victim of Calvary. We do not charge our author, we repeat, with heterodoxy in this point. It would be quite beyond our province to do so. We gladly allow that there are many noble, touching, beautiful declamatory passages scattered throughout these sermons as to the mission and life and character of our Saviour. All we mean to comment upon is this—the extreme laxity of thought on theological questions which prevails when once the definite dogmatic expressions of the alleged truths are undervalued or repudiated. We should strongly recommend a perusal of Mr. Haweis's *Thoughts for the Times* to Lord Shaftesbury and the six thousand or so signatories to his petition in favour of withdrawing from public use the so-called Athanasian Creed. Some at least of these signers have no wish, we are sure, that the clergy should use such ambiguous phraseology as is common with the eloquent preacher whose sermons lie before us. There is, no doubt, at first sight great force in the argument that the exact theological definitions of one age may be less suitable for another age, and that the truths involved might advantageously be expressed from time to time in a new form more in harmony with modern thought. Unfortunately, when this is attempted the result seems to be a complete failure. Generally, indeed, no such attempt is made; as could be shown, if this were the proper place to show it, by many quotations from these discourses. But Mr. Haweis, to his credit, has endeavoured in one or two cases to carry his theory into practice. For example, he has tried to give a new definition of God, the Trinity, and Original Sin. It may be our own fault, but we can understand the old statements of the Church's creeds better than these newfangled ones. The position of the Church is this:—That God has revealed to man certain mysterious and supernatural truths as to his own being and as to man's relation to Him. These truths are not capable of explanation, our faculties being what they are; but they are capable of exact expression. And, on the hypothesis, it is of the highest importance to express accurately what is on such authority propounded for belief. Now the theologians whom Mr. Haweis represents deny, explicitly or implicitly, this assertion. Either they conceive that revealed truth is not fixed or final, or they aim at discovering under the letter of the old definitions some spirit which may be more in harmony with modern ideas. In practice this seems to amount to an abandonment of the precise ideas expressed by the old formularies. Nothing more vague or illusive can be conceived than Mr. Haweis's own creed-making. We have spoken of some of his attempts, in which the nature of the subject precludes us from following him closely. In particular he has gallantly attempted to re-cast in modern phraseology the first of the Thirty-nine Articles. The Article begins as follows:—"There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness." This Mr. Haweis would read thus:—"The living and true God is without tangible existence, without portions, without emotional forces, and yet He is of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness." It is observable that this new Article omits (accidentally, of course, but with singular carelessness) the statement of the unity and of the eternity of God; and, in face of the revived anthropomorphic heresy of Mormonism, is it not strange to find any one wishing to substitute for the plain old nervous words, "without body, parts, or passions," the hazy terms suggested by Mr. Haweis? Be it observed, too, that the words "and yet" introduce a new and most unnecessary speculation. Our conclusion is that this attempt is no less undesirable than impossible. It is Mr. Haweis's pleasure to represent all the existing dogmatic statements of Christianity as unintelligible remnants of subtle Greek logomachy. Can any real thinker say this of distinctions and definitions borrowed from the Greek philosophy? It is all very well to sneer at the word "substance" in the Creed. But why is this ridiculous, while Bacon is to be held in reverence for saying, as he does in the *Novum Organon*, "the very essence, or the substantial self of heat, is motion and nothing else"? The truth is, that neither the theological thought nor its expression is obsolete, and we fear that the preacher before us, in spite of his assumption, is but a shallow thinker after all.

On the whole, then, we doubt the utility of these *Thoughts for the Times*. But if the writer could content himself with a more modest aim, he would probably achieve a great success as a preacher. These sermons are published in a kind of systematic arrangement, but they were not preached in this order. Some of them, dealing with more homely subjects, such as the observance of the Sunday, the limits of pleasure, and the like, are, if not such perhaps as would be generally accepted, yet highly suggestive, persuasive, and profitable.

SONS OF DIVES.*

TO people who lead but a humdrum kind of life, who commit their little sins like gentlemen, and take care to keep on the right side of the law, and who, though not exactly living in glass houses, yet are moderately transparent and tolerably aboveboard, the doings of the Sons of Dives, chronicled in the book of that

* *Sons of Dives*. A Novel. 2 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1872.

name, seem indeed "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," and of the most eccentric order of civilization known to us. We are generally inclined to be gentle with our authors. We hold it a poor philosophy that would measure knowledge by ignorance; and we like to believe that the men and women who write of human nature and social possibilities have on their side reason and something like a model which they have copied, with such power of faithfulness as is in them. At times, to be sure, we are startled at the original drawing and bold colouring indulged in by some writers; and we look in vain among the records of our memory for characters or circumstances that will bear out the rich invention with which we have to deal. We find, however, only a few "originals," at the worst; a few sharp practitioners, speculating tradesmen, bad husbands, tyrannical fathers, and the like; undesirable men and women, without question, but not men who have any special interest in the growth of hemp, or who have private reasons for contemplating the dock of the Old Bailey.

But when we come to certain authors, the creatures evolved out of their inner consciousness put our commonplace experiences to the blush. We know nothing, for instance, of such a money-lender as Oliver Blake, who, because he has been "sighted and looked down upon" by his well-born wife's connexions, first of all "takes his cruel revenge by immuring his bride in his place of business in the City," and then from that time "hates the aristocracy with a deadly hatred, and makes it his Satanic pleasure to lower and ruin them in every instance that comes in his way." So far as we know of business men, their views are generally bounded by the commonplace desire to increase their connexion, and turn their capital with dexterity. And such a resolve as Oliver Blake's is as far removed from the ordinary course of office life as his creature Morley is removed from the ordinary run of men we meet at our club:—

Through his secret agents the heads of noble houses should be tempted and lured on to debt and ruin; he was rich, he would work and save, accumulate his wealth, and then some day when his countless victims were at his feet he would blaze forth before the world with all the power of a millionaire, and dare society to scorn him; and with this end in view he toiled, and speculated, and saved, till making and hoarding treasure had become second nature, and the object of his life became lost in habit, so that the triumph so long delayed seemed as far off as ever.

His prime agent Morley is a Jew; and this is how we are required to accept him:—

Yes, conceal it as he might, in spite of his green-grey eyes, of his clean shaven face, of his plain attire, of his good English accent, in spite of all that a strong will and long training could do to conceal the fact, Morley was a Jew. Not one of that class, who in modern times, by the honourable, upright consistency of their lives, their generous acts, their well-earned position in society, gain the respect of all classes, Jews and Christians alike; but a Jew in blood, without the faith and code of honour and charity of a Jew; having given up one belief without adopting another, striving to appear what he was not, the first to fling a stone at his own people, and to claim brotherhood with other men—and why? That he might lure Christians on to their ruin, and fill his own pockets.

So what between Oliver Blake, with his Satanic desire to ruin the aristocracy, and Lewis Morley, with his no less Satanic desire to ruin Christians, any young Anglo-Saxon "swell" who should fall into the clutches of this *par nobile fratrum* would be sure to have but a bad time of it, and be plucked as bare as a trussed pigeon. It does not seem though that Captain Erne, who goes *l'été baissée* into the Blake trap as baited by Lewis Morley, comes off so badly, all things considered. He is a rich prize, but he seems to have been handled gently, and to have got the most good out of the transaction, whatever it might have been. We should like to know the money-lender in Thames Terrace who supplements his loans with introducing into the bosom of his family the young aristocrat he tries to ruin, letting him hear "piece after piece of our great masters" roll from the organ played by a lovely daughter. And such a daughter! "A gifted girl," "with glowing cheeks and eyes like deep blue seas," a "sensitive mouth, larger than a sculptor would dare to give to Venus or a Diana, with full, well-formed lips," "small classic head," "slender high-bred throat," "tall, graceful, well-developed form, where every line was beauty—masses of soft dark hair drawn simply back from a pure womanly face"—endowed by the Graces so liberally as Sybil is, we cannot wonder if Gerald Erne falls in love with her; though we do wonder that a money-lender of Oliver Blake's practical democracy should have exposed his child to such an influence, and should not have taken better care of the only creature he appears to love. We do not, however, presume to doubt the existence of a money-lender after the pattern of Oliver Blake; doubtless he exists, if we only knew where to find him. Of his marvellous end we will say nothing. It would be cruel to spoil the one bit of pure sensationalism in the book; we will, however, merely make this remark, that it is no more untrue to real life than the rest, and if it is an episode of more lurid colouring than others, it is not one whit more absurd.

We happened at the time to know a little of the training and working of nurses for the Crimea; but we never knew of such a nurse as Sybil Blake in Miss Nightingale's staff, where the author of *Sons of Dives* expressly places her. We always understood that a very strict course of previous instruction, and a severe winnowing of the beautiful sensibilities from the practical workers, was demanded before a woman was allowed to be enrolled as a hospital nurse; and we think that any application from a gifted creature who had gone out to the Crimea on a sleeveless errand, and, instead of coming back again, had proposed herself as a caretaker for wounded men, would have been refused

with promptitude by Miss Nightingale and all in authority under her. Wandering maidens with classic heads and sensitive mouths were at a discount in those hard practical times; but Sybil finds her vocation among the wounded soldiers, and "a case" is assigned her without hesitation. We may suppose, therefore, that she understood all about bandages and poultices, and the rest of the sick-bed requirements, which are generally matters to be attained by experience only, and not in any way intuitive or coming by the grace of nature. Before dismissing this part of the subject, we wish to apologize to Miss Nightingale for the introduction of her name. And in doing so we imply our disapprobation of the manner in which this author has dragged forward among the puerile trivialities that mark her work a personality which general respect should keep sacred from vulgar handling.

Among the people whom we find curious studies, and whom therefore we should like to know, is Duncan Meredith the trooper, otherwise Duncan Blake, the money-lender's runaway son. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a fine-spirited young fellow should quarrel with his father on a matter of dishonourable trading; or even that, so quarrelling, he should leave his home, his mother and sister whom he loved, and enlist as a private in the army. Perhaps, too, we may concede the possibility—but the extreme improbability—of his selfishly making himself dead to his family and the world at large; though we have a hard battle with our faith to grant so much, seeing that, as we said, he loves his mother, and that she at least has done him no harm. But if he was the kind of man who could do this thing, he could not possibly be the kind of man depicted as the trooper. He might be a sufficiently charming fellow, but he would be of necessity careless, and a trifle, or more than a trifle, coarse. He had received a good education, which he might have turned to good account if he had liked, and by it have made choice of a better career than that of a private in the army. If, therefore, he had abandoned all the higher avenues open to him, and had contented himself with "the strong coarse cloth of the trooper's uniform," he would surely not have been such a fool as to allow himself to fall in love with Isabel Vernon, simply because she was a pretty girl and had fainted in his arms. Sensitive, poetic, high-souled, he would have kept himself out of such society as he must have found in the ranks; or, in his right mind as he was, he would have accepted the career he had chosen with all its disabilities. He would not have endeavoured to have joined together two incompatibilities. We give the following extract as affording a good key to the character of Duncan Meredith, alias Blake, and as an example of our author's style, showing the little hold she has on the reality of life:—

Oh! could that yearning heart but have known the wording of the letter it had caused such pangs to deliver, it would not have throbbed with such jealous force under the strong coarse cloth of the trooper's uniform; but he did not know, he believed it to be a letter of love that she would brood and ponder over in secret.

Still, though he rode away a sad man, he thanked God that he had seen her, spoken to her, and had not been spurned by her; that she was all, and more, ah, far more, than he could have believed her to be—her image would be ever with him, in scenes of vice and temptation it would keep him pure and safe; she would never know it: but though she might never think of him again, love for her would be as a screen between him and the fire, and would keep him strong, and brave and patient. And as he once more bared his head and gazed up into the blue sky, his lips moving in silence as he registered that vow in the face of heaven, a mist dimmed the eyes of as true and loyal a knight as ever sat at the table of "the blameless king."

Oh! ye women of influence, did ye but know how men's natures are often as wax, to be moulded for good or evil in your hands, how it is in your power to rouse them to noble and exalted aims, or to poison life's purest draught by your scorn or your frivolity, would ye not often strive to attain to that high standard for which ye were created—to be man's help-mate for time and eternity?

The letter that it had cost the trooper such pain to deliver to Miss Vernon ran thus:—

"The bearer of this is Duncan Meredith. G. E."

Besides the unnatural sentimentality of the *Sons of Dives*, we might take some exception to its grammar. All the personages are as heedless of this as was ever the Jackdaw of Rheims; and say "that's him," "it was her," with the most perfect unconsciousness apparently of any rule touching verbs and cases. Also, the author has hazy ideas as to plural pronouns in their relation to disjunctive particles; and when she says, "Ye mother or sister, whose son or brother," she seems to imagine that ye is high-polite for you, which we venture to assure her is a mistake; or used to be when we learnt our declensions. Why will people write when they have nothing to say? This author knows no more of real life than she knows of the nature of comets. She does not relate, she babbles; she does not paint from life, she draws on her fancy, and labels her crude productions according to her imagination, not according to facts as they are. She says nothing that the world wants to hear; nothing even that can amuse a heavy hour. Stilted, unnatural, improbable, her work is an absurdity and an excrescence, not a growth; and it argues badly for the literary taste of our generation that such trash as this can find a publisher, and we presume a public to follow.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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